Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

The action of some of the gentlemen in charge of the money contributed to erect a statue in this city to Sir John Macdonald, in overlooking native talent while asking for designs from Old Country sculptors, deserves and I am glad to know is receiving the censure of contributors to the memorial. At best art has but few patrons in a country so new as this and the amount which governments and corporations can contribute to the encouragement of artists, is necessarily small. When, however, we have a national work, when the people contribute to the erection of a statue, it is not only unkind but improper to pass over the artists and sculptors who have toiled in Canada amidst great discouragements, and ask outsiders for a design which in all probability will be less meritorious than that which could be produced at home. It is not as if we were lacking in talent of this sort. The very gentlemen who have passed over sculptors who have toiled hard and long in this country, have been quick to praise the work done in the past by men who are not now even invited to compete. Probably the ugliest building in Canada of its size and cost is the new Parliament House, and to obtain this wen on the neck of nature, this deformity on the face of the park, this ill-begotten piece of architecture, the Ontario Government went abroad. It would be absurd to say that we have no architects, for handsomer buildings have been built since the Parliament buildings were begun. It is equally untrue that we are without sculptors. If we were lacking in sculptors the fact that money has been collected to erect a monument to Sir John A. Macdonald should be used as an exemplification of the fact that Canada should discover its weakness, and the opportunity thus brought home to aspirants might develop an unrecognized genius. If Italy had been in the habit of sending to France for its pictures or to Germany for its sculptures, Michael Angelo and Raphael would have remained undiscovered. We should be self-reliant in such matters. Art has already made such progress in Canada that we need not fear a failure if our own artists are invited to compete, but no matter what advancement we may have found in the past we can hope for nothing in the future if we snub those who have done good work, and, sneering at the provincialism of their taste or the narrowness of their ideas, go to England for men to depict in bronze or picture the deeds and lives peculiar to our circumstances and fully intelligible only to men who have been reared amidst similar circumstances.

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The letter recently written by Mr. James P. Murray regarding the art institute in Toronto, is well worth the attention of those who believe that in this new country it is worth while developing the artistic taste of the people. We all have much to learn, for, unlike even the peasantry of an old land where art gives color to every church and show chamber, we know comparatively little of the beauties outside of nature. The very fact that the committee is looking to England for a design of a Canadian statue indicates that we have not set ourselves to the task of fully developing that most delightful of tastes, the appreciation of beautiful things in form and color. Mr. Murray suggests that the Upper Canada College building should be devoted to a museum of design and decoration. It has been pointed out that these grounds by right belong to the city and if the statement of the Government be true that Ontario has a large surplus, that handsome square might well be given to the people and the old building remodeled with an idea of making it the art center of this northern half of the continent to which Mr. Mowat professes his undivided loyalty. Mr. Murray has often written on the question of advancing the artistic interests of Toronto, and I sincerely hope he is finding a sympathetic audience. We are all so utilitarian that it is hard to arouse any enthusiasm on questions unconnected with the making of money or the advancement of a political idea. Canada may not be growing very fast in population but it is attaining to those years when art education can be no longer neglected. If ever we are to achieve eminence in manufacture it will be by the production of graceful and beautiful things in fabric as well as in wood and metal. This can never be brought about without models, in which we are now absolutely lacking. It is all well enough to have universities and technical schools, but we must have a standard of taste, models for the education of those who would like to devote themselves to artistic studies. We wonder that Canadian patterns in goods, Canadian ideas in architecture are crude, yet what are we doing to advance the ideals of our boys and girls? What are we offering as subjects of study to our students? What place can we go and see the productions of those who see in their artistic dream-time things beautiful in form and color? I hope Mr. Murray will continue to write upon this subject and that all lovers of their city and country will agitate for the commencement of a work which is so necessary to our material and artistic progress.

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The contest in East York resulting in the return of Mr. Maclean should be gratifying to all the young men in the Conservative party, as it is most particularly a victory achieved by one of the younger school of politicians in the face of very strong odds. Mr. Maclean is by no means a violent partisan, and his election can very well be regarded as an evidence of the acceptability to the Conservatives of this country of that younger class of thinkers and workers who have not been slaves of a machine. There has been much said even within the short period over which my political memory extends, about this man and the other not always having been Conservative. If the Conservative party to-day were supported in the House and out of it by no one except Tories to the party born, it would not be in power and would be lacking in many of its brightest minds. It may be a proper boast for Jones and Smith to make at the corner grocery that they have never given anything but a Grit or Tory vote, but it is not a grand achievement for a man who has thought for himself and tried to do the best he could for his country without regard to party advancement or sectarian prejudice. Gladstone began life as a Conservative and Disraeli as a Radical; Sir Richard Cartwright was once and is still, though he wears the name of Liberal, a Tory of that bitter and uncompromising sort who believe in nothing and nobody but themselves. The present Premier and the one who has just passed away, when they were younger and their veins filled with the impulses of youth signed the celebrated annexationist manifesto. Some of the most prominent Grits in Canada to-day were once Conservatives; some of the most prominent Conservatives were once proud to own the name of Liberal and to advocate the measures which have long since ceased to separate one party from another. I am glad to see Mr. Maclean in Parliament and hope that his career there will be a benefit to the country while adding honor to the constituency of East York. As everyone knows, he is a young man of great talent, a forcible speaker and an indefatigable worker. In his newspaper career he has come up through a great many difficulties which should excuse those shortcomings which are invariably forgotten when success crowns a hard fought fight. His career is now in his own hands. He has been given an important place and occupies a position of responsibility and trust; he has been elected to succeed a great and honest man. If he does his duty, and I have no doubt he will, if he consecrates his talents to the task before him, if he is everything that he may be, if he becomes everything he can be, he need not fear that he will be thrust aside for right-doing or that his virtues will be an obstacle in the path of promotion.

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Mr. J. Knox Leslie, who opposed Mr. Maclean, is not only an amiable and companionable gentleman, but he made such a gallant fight for what I may be pardoned for designating as an undeserving and unpatriotic cause, that neither he nor his friends have anything to regret in his candidature. Mr. Leslie is one of those men who possess a great deal of strength in having been born and bred in the constituency, and his neighbors know that his party fealty, as well as his commercial record, is without reproach. We often say of a man that he is a good fellow, and it can be said of Mr. Leslie that he is not only a good fellow but he is a bright fellow, and there are hundreds of men who voted against him and worked against him who prize his friendship and feel, as I do, that it was a pity that his politics were so much worse than he is himself.

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I hope we shall be relieved from politics in the near future. Somehow we have too much of it and use such a quantity of our energy in disturbing the public peace at election times that there seems nothing left with which to advance civic interests. While we are fighting over questions of tariff and policy, as Torontonians we seem to be forgetting that this city was never more greatly in need of strong and friendly hands to assist in its progress than at the present moment. Absorbed by Provincial and Federal questions, which at best we have small share and no thanks in solving, we forget that Toronto is nearest to us because we live in it and dearest to us because we pay our taxes here, and that we should have very little enthusiasm in any policy or line of conduct which does not help us to develop our own resources. Dominion elections appear to interest us most. Rightly enough we esteem the National Policy a necessity as far as this city is concerned. Provincial matters we let go by the Board; the civic matters are held in still greater contempt, and thus we drag along. To-day Toronto is waiting for a mayor to be satisfied with the electric system, and he, after having run about for a few days until he believes he knows a volt from a sausage, seems still inclined to add to all these weary months in which he has delayed everybody, everything, hoping for something to happen whereby he might appear as the prophet of a new era. It is to be hoped that he has discovered that he is not a large but rather commonplace man who knows very little about governing a great city, and that he had better accept the trolley system and the inevitable, for he is far too small to transform our transportation system by means of flying machines, storage batteries or moving streets. His economy has been commendable and the rate on the dollar is not excessive, but the rate in the progress of the town is the worst we have had for years. The rate on the dollar isn't everything; we can pay twenty mills better when we are going ahead than fourteen and a half when we are going back. Every man has his load to bear who owns property in Toronto, and it is evidently disastrous and unnecessary for the mayor and corporation of this city to stretch ropes in front of the weary feet that are cheerfully bearing their burden while hoping that they meet no such obstacle as shall force them to throw it down. If there be a throwing down of these loads by reason of the silly and half-grown notions of a few petty officials, Toronto will really get a set-back. So far the city has had no set-back. We are doing very nicely in spite of our rulers, who seem to have been exceptionally bad at a crisis when we needed those who were exceptionally good. It is very easy for newspapers to say that those who advocate the trolley system are hirelings. Nobody is doing any hiring; there has been no rumor of money being spent on that sort of thing that has reached my ears; nobody is going about with a pocketful of bills, stuffing them in the hands of touters; nobody is torn up about the matter at all except the Mayor and his personal newspaper, who unfortunately mean nothing worse than an effort to make themselves appear great where there is no greatness. Nobody is endeavoring to purchase prosperity. Since the days of bonuses and cross-country railways business people have dropped such ideas, but the fact remains that prosperity may be interfered with in a crisis, folly may produce disaster, and in the hands of small men great things may come to grief.

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Why are we not clamoring for a ship canal to bring the vessels of the Lower Provinces to the wharves of Toronto? Simply because our members and the Government have something less important to do and some Quebec interests might be damaged if ocean navigation extended into the lakes. Why are our criminals not put on public works, cared for in convict ships and made to do something for the country without interfering with honest labor? There is nobody to attend to it. Why is there no provincial enterprise to advertise and develop our iron mines, to build a city of smelters and furnaces? The rural representatives who seem to desire nothing more interesting than a line fence dispute or a greater piece of statesmanship than amending the drainage act, refuse to appropriate money to help start that which merely needs to be proven to become profitable and to attract capital. Why do men laugh at ship canals to the Georgian Bay, or anywhere else in the region of practicability? We seem to hate the man who has an idea, to hunt him down like a mad dog. Why does any effort to move business our way meet with the stern disapproval of stingy cranks who own nothing of greater enterprise than tenement houses, and the chock-heads who own nothing, not even an idea? The parsons and the thousands of sincere puritans, the greater army of pretentious people, who are traveling on their piety and discounting their notes in the odor of sanctity, refuse to let anybody move abroad on Sunday and the other six days are rapidly becoming the stamping ground of six minor varieties of crank, until Toronto instead of being a cosmopolitan, attractive city, thronged by tourists in the summer, with a cloud of factory smoke and thousands of busy artizans darkening its streets every day in the year, is day by day becoming noted as a place for religious conventions, a shore for the drying of doctrinal nets, the Mecca of sectarianism. The tourists are learning to avoid us as people always learn to avoid a place where some rude-fingered apostle endeavors to force popular fads down the neck of the stranger. Travelers do not go abroad to have their systems injected full of peculiarities in strange places. The hotels that were sufficient to accommodate the tourists of twenty years ago are sufficient still. The city has grown enormously in spite of faddists, but still two first-class hotels are sufficient to accommodate those who come and go and are willing to pay first-class prices. Family hotels have increased in number but the strangers have not needed much extra room. Toronto apparently does not want strangers, unless they come to a convention, and not even then unless they be orthodox and Protestant—witness the discussion in the case of the Knights of St. John.

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The line of antique steamers that run between Toronto and Montreal is still sufficient to carry the passengers. The Niagara Navigation people have put on a new ship and furnish one example of progressiveness. Where has our shipping gone? Where is the natural increase of business that should have been ours? Who has prevented it coming here? I believe in pious people and in religion and in good things, but I am fully assured that we will never build up a great city, great factories, great population, neither attract tourists nor bring to our country that tide of German population which has doubled the prosperity of the United States, nor induce any continental people to make their homes with us while we are so confoundedly good that we won't let other people have a chance to be good except in our way. There is no use denying that from an emigration point of view we are at a disadvantage as a colony, but nearly every clog we have put upon the footsteps of our progress has been fastened there by our own folly or kept there by those who profit by pretentiousness and carry themselves towards heaven with the swagger of a monopolist who has the right to put toll gates, and grab bags, and coffee houses, and policemen on every mile of track to the Golden City and at every corner and in every square thereof.

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The church, or as the various organizations style themselves, the churches, do incalculable good, yet they do not do all the good there is to be done; they do not say all the good things that are to be said. Popes, prelates, priests, preachers, deacons, devotees do not think all the good thoughts, embody all the good emotions, express in their daily walk and conversation all the tender inclinations of humanity. Particularly it can be said they do not, and are not, organized to attend to the business of the community, and they should be careful that they do not retard it.

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There is a common ground, however, upon which all people who have heard and accepted the Blessed Name can meet. The commandment to love one another is acceptable to all. "Help one another" is also a golden rule. To build up our city and country is a part of our duty which should not be neglected. Is it not possible that on this common ground and governed by this common law all sorts and conditions of men may organize to do good, may be let go on their way without interference, thoroughly believing that no matter how many such organizations or such proper-minded individuals may exist, there will still be plenty of good left to be done by angels and ministering spirits, or neglected entirely?

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These are but some of the thoughts which come to those who hear the Sunday question brought up in a campaign where national, not sectarian, issues are at stake. Mr. Maclean had to hear himself called an infidel and the person because he is not sufficiently sabbatar-

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lan to please some of his neighbors. Cannot such questions be discussed at the proper time and place? Are we not suffering from too much of this sort of thing, when the trade policy of the country has to be clouded by the discussion of the religious tenets of a candidate?

DON.

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There is something about that case wherein a man in the west end of the city jumped out of his cart to chase boys who had been throwing stones at him, and fell dead from heart disease. There is something in it more than a mere item of news for the daily papers and a warning against throwing stones. The feelings of the boys who were the indirect cause of that death may not be overpowering nor enduring, but it seems to me that if they are properly constructed the incident will have an influence upon them as long as they live. The man was minding his own business and harming no one. Yet the love of mischief in the urchins brought about his death. The man who drove along in apparently robust health and who was unconscious of the nearness of eternity and felt able for many years of labor, was carried home a corpse. This was the cost of a little fun. The gratification of the passions—and mischief is a passion in youth—often costs infinitely more than this, but we seldom see the price printed under it in such glaring numerals. A very little bit of mischief may fire a train of circumstances that go on swelling and widening in effect until they end in death and ruin for many. Some of the finest young men of my acquaintance have in their earlier days frequently displayed a disposition to torment the old, to break windows in the dark, to throw stones from a secure distance, to scoff at cripples and to be miserable and unworthy young brats. The fact that they are now fine fellows shows that it was the exuberance of youth and not innate despicability of nature that caused them to seek excitement in such ways. But the majority of boys who amuse themselves so meanly find similar, if better concealed, amusement, all their days. It is all in their training.

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Most boys who are allowed to run wild and have not ingrained in them the fundamental doctrine of respect for their elders, go from bad to worse. The boy who is taught at home to treat with respect all men and women, not because of dress or station but simply because they are men and women, will seldom discredit his parents. A boy cannot understand a teaching that is too specific. If he is allowed to pick and choose to whom he will be insolent and to whom deferential, he is very liable to one day turn on his short-sighted parents with an oath. You can draw up a customs tariff in specified articles, but a boy cannot possess genuine manners on specified occasions only and be a mean little pup at other times. Two such dispositions are impossible in one boy—he must either be really all pup or all gentleman very soon. When parents speak contemptuously of people in the presence of their children, a folly too universal, they may rest assured that they are setting a private example their sons will practice in public. To torment the old and those unable to protect themselves from annoyance, develops in a boy all the cowardly instincts of his nature and before long he runs away from habit, even in a good cause when he should stand his ground, and when his courage if properly developed would have made him stand and enabled him to distinguish himself. Such practices make him in time both a physical and a moral coward, and yet it all grows from poor teaching, or rather, lack of good teaching. One sneak of a boy can inoculate his baser instincts into half a dozen companions if his influence is not counteracted by wholesome home training. I do not mean hollow talk. This custom of advising children to be nice and to respect the neighbors, and then to let them be auditors to family back-biting and sneering at those neighbors, is worse than nothing, for it breeds a young generation of hypocrites, and no one should commence to be a hypocrite and a moral and political make-believe until he is twenty-five years of age at least. It seems necessary after that, but if sooner practiced it is most reprehensible, and the isolence is not weeded out either, but merely inspired with a new cunning. If there is any one thing in which parents are to-day negligent and blameworthy, it is in ignoring the old wisdom of teaching the young to respect all people older than themselves.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

I was unable to mention last week the very pleasant At Home given by Stevenson Lodge some time ago, or rather the account which I had given of it was crowded out. The At Home was not largely attended, and was, therefore, doubly enjoyable. Marcicano's orchestra provided some very pretty dance music, and the reception committee did all possible to insure the enjoyment of their guests. Some very pretty dresses were to be noted among the merry dancers. Miss Nicholson, daughter of the genial secretary, looked a perfect picture in pale blue. Mrs. Bruce Brough wore an extremely becoming white gown. Mrs. Malcolm McPherson's tall and graceful figure was gowned in pink, with delicate tulle draperies. Mrs. Henderson wore a dainty gray. Mrs. Major Manly wore black silk and lace.

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The following guests were present: Major and Mrs. Manley, Major and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. E. T. Malone, Mr., Mrs. C. H. and Miss Corton, Mr., Mrs. J. and Miss Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. R. King, Mr., Mrs. J. H. and Miss Horswell, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cahoon, Mr. and Mrs. W. Furness, Mr. and Mrs. S. Burnett, Mr. E. Vallentyne and the Misses Beaty, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Purse, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mr. James and Miss Smith, Mr. John and Miss Smith, Mr. Sam and Miss Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. R. Cuthbert, Mr. and Mrs. R. James, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lindsay, Mr. T. J. Green, the Misses Mills, Mr. J. Wallace, Miss Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. R. D Adams, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Kilgour, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hutchinson, Mr. Jas. and Miss Barlow, Mr. J. T. Bishopric, Miss Jamieson, Mr. D. H. B. Phillips, Miss Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. and Miss Sherrin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leak, Mr. and Mrs. John Coe, Prof. and the Misses Doughty, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Apted, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Apted, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Mr. and Mrs. M. McPherson, and Mrs. S. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Jackson, Mr. J. A. Jackson and Miss Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. John Beamish, Mr. and Mrs. Higginbottam, Mr. Frank Deewitt and Miss Dewitt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Millett, Mr. and Mrs. Woodburn, Mr. and Mrs. S. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lackie, Mr. A. R. Colwell and Miss Locke, Mr. J. Pearson and Mrs. McCauley, Mr. J. G. Holmes and Miss Holmes, Mr. P. Bee and Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. McAuliff, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Rookwood, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hutton, Mr. W. G. C. Reed and Miss Jeffrey, Mr. T. S. Huckle and Miss Kemp, Mr. J. Bradshaw and Miss Jeffrey, Mr. and Mrs. John Watson and Miss Watson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Unitt, Mr. M. J. Dubois and Miss Carlisle, Mr. Jackson Little and Miss Richardson, Mr. R. Defrice and Miss Brent, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Professor R. A. Thomas and Miss Purvis, Mr. Joe Russell and Miss Russell, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Newell, Mr. J. Shouldice and Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Blong, Mr. James Jamieson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. D. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Young, Sergeant Butcher and Miss Davis, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wright, Mr. S. McKeown and Miss Lloyd, Frank Hague, M.D., and Mrs. Hague.

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A new picture of Mr. George A. Reid's, entitled The Visit of the Clock-cleaner, is attracting much attention to Ryrie Brothers' window, where it is on exhibition.

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The Architects' Guild dinner was held at Webb's last Thursday evening, and was one of the jolliest affairs of the season.

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The ladies who presided over the several stalls at the Feast of Days were as follows: Monday, Mrs. Robinson, the Misses Cumberland and Howard; Tuesday, Misses Carey and Thompson; Wednesday, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Patterson, the Misses Morson, Charlton, Phillips and Hall; Thursday, Misses Rogers, Purchard and McMullin; Friday, Misses Harper, Hicks and Morrison; Saturday, Misses Skae, Andrews, Thompson and Hicks. The refreshments, which were very tempting, were dispensed by Misses Canavan, Minty, McVittie, McLean, Ferguson and Carey, assisted by some pretty little maids in Kate Greenaway gowns. One had not only artistic taste but bodily

Some Pretty Fads.

As the warm weather approaches, trained princess gowns of bengaline silk will be much worn, fitting in smooth lines, cut very slightly V, back and front, to expose the throat, and devoid of trimming, save for a wide lace flounce which describes a bertha in front, hangs in deep cape-like epaulettes on the shoulders, with its two ends falling at the back with a jabot effect to the end of the train, forming a frame of fan-shaped plaitings. Very many of the new tailor made gowns are of white diagonal cloth, and are pretty when lined with buttercup foulard in keeping with the *Inexpugable* revers of the long jacket extending to the knees. Lozenge-shaped mother-of-pearl buttons decorate the coat and sleeves, and a lace jabot departs from the high white satin stock about the throat. With a costume like the one described, a slightly trained bell-skirt is worn.

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Tea-gowns are more charming in their simplicity if the material is rich and becoming. For example, one of handsome pale green *pouilt de soie*, strewn with delicate pink flowers, is only smartened by a flounce of white lace, surrounding the throat as a collar, and falling down the front in a corkscrew plaiting. The Watteau in the back is new, escaping from the center seam under the collar in a sharp point, the fulness apparently only gradually increasing. A favorite fashion at present for finishing tailor-made dresses about the hem is to sew just above the extreme edge a small design in silver braid, or any other pretty narrow fancy cimp. Sometimes this is little more than a beading, but it adds materially to the smartness of a plain frock. The best-liked spring jackets are of covert cloth lined with shot silk, cut away like a man's coat, with one tiny watch pocket over the bust on the left side. Others are of plain black cloth, not very smooth on the surface, with whole backs, and sleeves high and full to the elbow, and there sewn in to a long gauntlet piece. Some have rolled collars of velvet, others upright collars, and a few are double-breasted. To be *en regle*, a full-dress petticoat should be cut with a cross-cut back like the dress, and these are now made with one deep flounce and a heavy make of Russian lace at either edge.

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Invalids are favoring pink and blue printed silk nightgowns, elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon and insertion interthreaded with ribbon, intended to be worn over the ordinary nightgown when sitting up. They are lighter and prettier than ordinary wrappers. French batiste underclothing is always costly, but some of the new nightrobes are fine as gossamer, the white ground sprinkled with tiny scarlet and blue diamond spots, and about the throat, down the front, and around the wrist are white frills delicately outlined with red silk thread.

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Theater bodices form an important item in every woman's wardrobe, and are made in many charming fashions. An attractive one was in black silk, with narrow pink satin stripes, so cut that they fell on the cross. It had a basque, and was throughout cut and trimmed in Russian style. Children's fashions are singularly quaint and pretty. A heliotrope corduroy *crepon*, used for a frock for a child about eight years old, is simple and becoming; the skirt and bodice are sewn together, there are tucks at the hem, and a yoke is formed, and a trimming immediately below the waist, by inch-wide light green satin ribbon interthreaded through the material. For a tiny child of two or three years old, a cream satin surah is a most dainty-looking outdoor garment. It has a short narrow yoke edged with a frill of lace, high sleeves, and the surah falls full and straight to the hem of the frock. A soft vieux-rose woollen dress was even newer. The waist came well beneath the armpits, formed entirely of guipure, and there were green Empire satin bows and a short sleeve formed of two puffs, one of guipure and the other of a woollen material, surmounted by bows of green ribbon. Outdoor jackets for young girls of tender years are made with sacque backs formed of two box-plaits, also introduced on the front. Babies' caps for outdoors fit the scalp, and are of corded white silk trimmed with lace. For older children, the granny bonnet is fashioned of the same material with much handsome lace trimming.

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Some of the salient features in the millinery of to-day are the use of baby ribbon for rosettes and ruches, and baby velvet of two tones for the long bonnet strings that reach to the hem of the dress. The introduction of poke bonnets would seem to be a failure, in spite of the vigorous efforts to push them upon the public. Thus far, New York women refuse to be cajoled into such monstrous head-gear, preferring smartness to picturesque effects any day in the year. True, some of the importations in this line are lovely, and a pretty woman is never more bewitching than when her face is partially shaded by the great poke brim. Wafer hats of black gauze lace and jet are liked, and all sorts of daring effects are essayed. A Paris hat of this shape has four moderately long and very curly black ostrich feathers set in front and curving two on each side toward each other, and over the edge. This, with fine shells and rhinestones, shepherd-crook pins, and a scarf of lace hanging at the back, is the only trimming, and yet it is marvelously becoming, *chic* and dressy.

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The trimmings for spring gowns are varied and stylish. A novelty is Russian lace. Some Russian ladies, touched by the suffering and misery of their poor countrywomen, have taught the peasantry to make lace of a coarse but strong texture, and have induced Parisian dressmakers to patronize them, thus giving the lace the *cachet* of fashion. Russian lace will be quite a speciality in trimming for foulard, cambric, and other morning materials; it will be used for epaulettes, cuffs, revers, and trimming on the hem. Black lace is likely to be extensively used as trimming. The Spanish kind is quite out of date. We shall have to rely now almost entirely on Chantilly, into which novel and curious effects are introduced—such as shepherdesses with crooks and hats; trees, with the Renaissance palings known as the Hyde Park pattern. Cherries, apples, bluebells, and fans are also introduced; and for ruchings, a plain net has been brought out, with a Vandyke silk edge. Nottingham has patented a new kind of black lace, which bids fair to be a rival to the Calais makes. It is a reproduction of the needle-run laces, and is most effective, both in white and black. Guipures of all kinds, with and without wire grounds, and combinations of ecru and white in lace are novel; and there is a putty shade which is well to the fore.

LA MODE.

One of the most elaborate instances of the wood carver's art ever imported into Canada has been received by Messrs. J. E. Ellis & Co., per steamship Empress of Japan, direct from Yokohama. It is an elegantly carved cabinet standing eight feet high by four feet in width, executed in the highest style of Japanese art, and of marvelous execution and excellence. This gem may be seen in the art room of the firm, corner of King and Yonge streets.

Where Adam Lived.

In a well-known family there is a very little girl who has passed most of her brief existence within the pale of domestic life. Seldom have her parents taken her to the city in their pilgrimages.

Therefore it was a red letter day to the little one when she was taken to visit relatives in Boston, and in her stay of a month she satisfied her curiosity as to the Boston Four Hundred who live on Beacon street, and it was with a good deal of pride that she stored their names in her memory for future use.

On the return of the family from their pleasure trip it was resolved that it was fully time for this little girl to be sent to Sunday school, and accordingly she was installed at the right hand of the teacher as the smallest pupil of the infant class, precautions having been taken at home to instruct her in a few Biblical rudiments. This was the way the first lesson turned out:

"Who was the first man?"

"Adam."

"Who was the first woman?"

"Eve."

"And where did they live?"

"Why, at the Adamses', of course," with great emphasis.

A Sure Thing.

He was faultlessly attired and was waiting at the street crossing for an opportunity to get through the stream of vehicles. A cab driver turned his vehicle out of the car track, and as it passed close to the curbstone it struck a loose paving block, throwing a shower of mud over the dude.

"What do you mean by that?" cried the bespattered young man. "If you will climb down from your seat I will knock your head off."

The driver stopped.

"Can you do it?" he inquired.

"I can, I can, and I'll prove it, too, if you'll get down."

"Well, if you're sure you can do it I guess I'll stay where I am, if it don't make any difference to you," replied Pat as he drove on smiling broadly.

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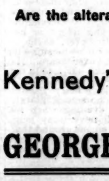

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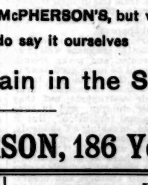

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CHAPTER VII.

The exultation of the officers of the 103rd over Sella's victory was great. They had backed her, relying upon Prothero's riding, but although his success was generally popular among the Europeans at the station, they had lost considerable sums by their confidence in Mamelukke's speed.

Isobel sat down feeling quite faint from the excitement.

"I did not think I could have been so excited over a race between two horses," she said to Mrs. Hunter. "It was not the bets, I never even thought about them, it was just because I wanted to see Mr. Prothero's horse win. I should never understand those women who would take such an interest in horse racing, but I quite understand now."

"What is your size, Miss Hannay?" Wilson asked.

"Oh, I don't care anything about the gloves, Mr. Wilson; I am sorry I bet now."

"You needn't feel any compunction in taking them from me or from any of us, Miss Hannay, we have all won over Sella; the regiment will have to give a ball to-night in honour of it. I only put on a hundred rupees and so have won four hundred, but most of them have won ever so much more than that, and all I have lost is four pairs of gloves to you, and four to Mrs. Dodson, and four to Mrs. Prothero, a dozen in all. Which do you take, white or cream, and what is your size?"

"Six and a quarter, cream."

"All right, Miss Hannay. The Nana must have lost a good lot of money, he has been backing his horse with everyone who would lay against it. However, it won't make any difference to him, and he always seems satisfaction when the loss comes on someone to whom it doesn't matter a bit. I think the regiment ought to give a dinner to Prothero, major, it was entirely his riding that did it; he hustled that nigger on Mamelukke splendidly. If the fellow had waited till within half a mile of home he would have won by a neck to a certainty; I never saw anything better."

"Well, Miss Hannay, what do you think of a horse race?" Bathurst, who had only remained a few minutes at the carriage, asked as he strolled up again. "You said yesterday that you had never seen one."

"I am a little ashamed to say I was very much excited over it, Mr. Bathurst. You have not lost, I hope? You are looking——" and she stopped.

"Shaky!" he said. "Yes. I feel shaky. I had not a penny on the race, for though the doctor made me put into a sweep last night at the club, I drew a blank; but the shouting and excitement at the finish seemed to take my breath away, and I felt quite faint."

"That is just how I felt; I did not know men felt like that. They don't generally seem to know what nerves are.

"I didn't; it is a great nuisance. The doctor tries to persuade me that it is the effect of overwork, but I have always been so from a child and I can't get over it."

"You don't look nervous, Mr. Bathurst."

"No, when a man is a fair size, and looks bronzed and healthy, no one will give him credit for being nervous. I would give a very great deal if I could get over it."

"I don't see that it matters much one way or the other, Mr. Bathurst."

"I can assure you that it does. I regard it as being a most serious misfortune."

Isobel was a little surprised at the earnestness with which he spoke.

"I should not have thought that," she said quietly, "but I can understand that it is disagreeable for a man to feel nervous, and I suppose, because it is supposed to be a feminine quality, but I think a good many men are nervous. We had some interesting passengers on board the ship coming out, and it was funny to see how many great strong men broke down, especially those who had looked most like lions."

"I am not nervous in that way," Bathurst said, with a laugh. "My pet horror is noise; thunder prostrates me completely, and in fact all noises, especially those of a sudden character affect me. I really find it a great nuisance. I fancy no woman with nerves considers herself as a martyr, and deserving of all pity and sympathy. It is almost a fashionable complaint, and she is a little proud of it, but a man ought to have his nerves in good order, and as much as that is expected of him unless he is a feeble little body. There is the bell for the next race."

"Are you going to bet on this one again, Miss Hannay?" Wilson said, coming up.

"No, Mr. Wilson. I have done my first and the last bit of gambling. I don't think it is nice ladies betting after all, and if there were a hospital here I should order you to send the money the gloves will cost you to it as conscience money, and I do perhaps you might follow my example with your winnings."

"My conscience is not moved in any way," he laughed; "when I bet I will look out for deserving charity. Well, if you won't bet I must see if I can make a a nail investment somewhere else."

"I shall see you at the ball, of course?" Isobel said, turning to Mr. Bathurst as Wilson left the carriage.

"No, I think not. Balls are altogether out of my line, and as there is always a superabundance of men at such affairs here, there is no sense of duty about it."

"What is your line, Mr. Bathurst?"

"I am afraid I have none, Miss Hannay. The fact is there is really more work to be done than one can get through. When you get to know the natives well you cannot help liking them and longing to do them some good if they would let you, but it is so difficult to get them to take up new ideas. Their religion, with all its customs and ceremonies, seems designed expressly to bar out all improvement. Except in the case of abolishing Suttee, we have scarcely weaned them from one of their observances, and even now, in spite of our efforts, widows occasionally immolate themselves, and that with the general approval.

"I wish I had an army of ten thousand English soldiers all speaking the vernacular to go about among the women and make friends with them; there would be more good done in that way than by all the efforts made in India. They might not be able to emancipate themselves from all their restrictions, but they might influence their children, and in time pave the way for a moral revolution. But it is ridiculous," he said, breaking off suddenly, "my talking like this here, but you see it is what you call my line, my hobby! If you like, but when one sees this hard-working, patient, gentle people making their lot so much harder than it need be by their customs and observances, one longs to force them even against their own will to burst their bonds."

Dr. Wade came up at this moment and caught the last word or two.

"You are incorrigible, Bathurst. Miss Hannay, I warn you that this man is a monomaniac. I drag him from his work, and he is discoursing with you on reform just as a race is going to start. You may imagine, my dear, how in thorns he is in the middle of his hobby. You have heard of Tallyrand's advice to a young official, 'above all things no zeal.' Now, Bathurst, Miss Hannay wants to see the race, and even if she doesn't she is powerless to assist you in your crusade."

Bathurst laughed and drew off.

"That is too bad, doctor. I was very interested. I like to talk to people who can think of something besides races and balls, and the gossip of the station."

"Yes, in reason, my dear, but when he likes, there is a medium in all things. I have no doubt Bathurst will be quite happy some time or other to give you his full views on child marriages, and the re-marriages of widows, and female education and the land question, and a score of other questions, but for this a few weeks of perfect leisure will be required. Seriously, you know that I think Bathurst one of the finest young fellows in the service, but his very earnestness injures both his prospects and his utility; the officials have a horror of enthusiasm, they like the cut and dried subordinate who does his duty conscientiously and does not trouble his head about anything but carrying out the regulations laid down for him.

"Theoretically I agree with most of Bathurst's views; practically I see that a score of officials like him would excite a revolution throughout a whole province. In India, of all places in the world, the maxim *festina lente* is also applicable. You have the prejudices of a couple of thousand years against change. The people of all things are jealous of the slightest appearance of interference with their customs. The change will no doubt come in time, but it must come gradually, and must be the work of the natives themselves and not of us. To talk about it is easy, and all I want but to defer it. Now, child, there is the bell; now just attend to the business in hand."

"Very well, doctor, I will obey orders, but it is only fair to say that Mr. Bathurst's remarks are only in answer to something I said." and Isobel turned to watch the race but with an interest less ardent than she had before felt.

Isobel's character was an essentially earnest one, and her life up to the day of her departure to India had been one of few pleasures. She had enjoyed the change and had entered heartily into it, and she was not by no means tired of it, but she had upon her arrival at Cawnpore been a little disappointed that there was no definite work for her to perform, and had already begun to feel that she had come to some when she would want something more than gossip and amusements and the light talk of the officers of her acquaintance to fill her life.

She had as yet no distinct interest of her own, and Bathurst's earnestness had struck a chord in her own nature and seemed to open a wide area for thought. She put it aside now and chatted gaily with the Hunters and those who came up to the carriage, but it came back to her as she sat in her room before going to bed.

Up till now she had not heard a remark since she had been in Cawnpore that might not have been spoken had the cantonments there been the whole of India, except that persons at other stations were mentioned. The vast, seething native population were no more alluded to than if they were a world apart. Bathurst's words had for the first time brought home to her the reality of their existence, and that around this little group of English men and women lay a vast population with their joys and sorrows and sufferings.

At breakfast she surprised Mrs. Hunter by asking a variety of questions as to native women.

"I suppose you have often been in the Zenanas, Mrs. Hunter?"

"Not often, my dear. I have been in some of them, and very depressing it is to see how childish and ignorant the women are."

"Can nothing be done for them, Mrs. Hunter?"

"Very little. In time I suppose there will be schools for girls, but you see they marry so young that it is difficult to get at them."

"How young do they marry?"

"They are betrothed, although it has all the form of a marriage, as infants, and a girl can be a widow at two or three years old; and so, poor little thing, she remains to the end of her life in a position little better than that of a servant in her husband's family. Really they are married at ten or eleven."

Isobel looked amazed at this her first insight into native life. Mrs. Hunter smiled.

"I heard Mr. Bathurst saying something to you about it yesterday, Miss Hannay. He is so enthusiastic; we like him very much, but we don't see much of him."

"You must beware of him, Miss Hannay," Mr. Hunter said, "or he will inoculate you with some of his fads. I do not say that he is not right, but he sees the immensity of the need for change but does not see fully the immensity of the difficulty in bringing it about."

"There is no fear of his inoculating me; that is to say, of setting me to work, for what could one do among all this?"

"Nothing, my dear," her uncle said; "if all the white women in India threw themselves into the work, they would do little. The natives are too jealous of what they consider intruders; the Parsees are about the only progressive people, and they are really beautiful when they pay a visit of ceremony to the Zenana of a native, if they were to try to teach their wives to be discontented with their lot—for that is what it would be—they would be no longer welcome. Schools are being established, but at present these are but a drop in the ocean. Still, they will grow up and in time something will be done. It is of no use bothering yourself about it, Isobel; it is best to look at it as you find them."

Isobel made no answer, but she was much disappointed when Dr. Wade, dropping in to tiffin, said his guest had started two hours before for Deesnagunt. He had a bundle of letters and reports from his native clerk, and there was something or other that he said he must see to at once.

"He begged me to say, major, that he was very sorry to go off without saying good-bye, but he hoped to be in Cawnpore before long. I own that that part of the message astonished me, knowing, as I do, what difficulty there is in getting him out of his shell. His and I became great chums when I was over at Deesnagunt two years ago, and the young fellow is not given to making friends. However, as he is going to come back I suppose he intends to make a friend of you, Isobel, and to make a visit to you the pretext for coming over again. He knows there is always a bed for him in my place."

"We see very little of him," Mary Hunter said; "he is always away on horseback all day. Sometimes he comes in the evening when we are alone, but he will never meet any one. He always excuses himself on the ground that he has a report to write or something of that sort. Any and I like him very much, Isobel."

"There is nothing of Timon about him," the doctor remarked dogmatically. "That is the sort of thing the young ladies—you think that a man's first business in life is to be dancing attendance. Bathurst looks at life seriously, and no wonder, going about as he does among the natives and listening to their stories and complaints. He puts his hand to the plow and does not turn to the right or left."

"Still, doctor, you must admit," Mrs. Hunter said gravely, "that Mr. Bathurst is not like most other men."

"Certainly not," the doctor remarked. "He takes no interest in sport of any kind, he does not care for society; he very rarely goes to the club, and never touches a card when he does, and yet he is the sort of man one would think would throw himself into what is going on. He is a strong, active, healthy man, whom one would expect to excel in all sorts of sports; he is certainly good-looking; he talks extremely well and is, I should say, very well read and intelligent."

"He can be very amusing when he likes, doctor. Once or twice when he has been with us he has seemed to forget himself, as it were, and was full of fun and life. You must allow that it is a little singular that a man like this should lingerlongerthan avoid society, and night and day be absorbed in his work."

"I have thought sometimes," Mr. Hunter said, "that Bathurst must have had some great trouble in his life. Of what nature I can, of course, form no idea. He was little more than a boy when he came out here, so I should say that it was hardly a love affair."

"That is always the way, Hunter. If a man goes his own way, and that way does not happen to be the way of the mass, it is supposed that he must have had trouble of some kind. Bathurst is the son of a distinguished soldier, and is now the owner of a fine property at home, I don't see what trouble he can have had. He is young, possibly for anything I know, have had some boyish love affairs, but I don't think he is the sort of man to allow his whole life to be affected by any foolery of that sort. He is too earnest and enthusiastic.

"It is good for mankind that there should be some enthusiasts. I grant that it would be an uncomfortable world if we were all enthusiasts, but the sight of a man like him throwing his whole life and energy into his work and wearing himself out trying to lessen the misery around him, ought to do good to us all. Look at these boys," and he apostrophized Wilson and Richards, as they appeared to advance in a line from the carriage but still amusing themselves and shirking their duties as far as possible!"

"Oh, I say, doctor," Wilson exclaimed, astonished at this sudden attack, "what are you pitching into us like that for? That is not fair, is it, major? We amuse ourselves, of course, when there is nothing else to do, but I am sure we don't shirk our work. You don't want us to spend our spare time in reading, I suppose?"

"No, but you might spend some of it very profitably in learning some of these native languages, as Bathurst does. He believes that you know above a dozen native words now. You can shout for brandy and water and for a light for your cigar, but I fancy that is about the extent of it."

"We are going to have a moonshee next week, doctor," Wilson said, a little crestfallen, "and I shall commence in right for it."

"That is only because you are obliged to pass in the vernacular, Wilson, so you need not take credit for it. Bathurst is not obliged to do so."

"Doctor, you are in one of your worst possible tempers this morning," Isobel said. "You snap at us all round. You are quite intolerable this morning."

"I am rather put out by Bathurst running away in this fashion, Miss Hannay. I had made up my mind that he would stop three or four days longer, and it is pleasant to have someone who can talk and think about something besides horses and balls. But I will go over and don't want to be late disturbing oil ment, and I have no doubt that Richards is burning to tell you the odds on some of the honest to-day."

"Shall we see you on the race-course, doctor?" the major asked, as the doctor moved towards the door.

"You will not, major; one day is enough for me. If they would get up a donkey race confined strictly to the subalterns of the station, I might take the trouble to go and look at it."

"The doctor is in great form to-day," Wilson said, as he moved, after the last man had with followed the doctor's exit had subsided, "and I am sure we did nothing to provoke him."

"I got into his bad, I fear, Wilson," the major said; "he is explosive this morning and has been giving it to us all round. However, nobody minds what the doctor says; his bark is very much but he has no bite. He will have are down with the fever and you will find him devote himself to you as if he were your father."

"He is one of the kindest men in the world," Isobel agreed warmly, thereby effectually silencing Richards, who had just pulled up his shirt collar preparatory to a sarcastic utterance respecting him.

Isobel, indeed, was in full sympathy with the doctor, for she too was disappointed at Bathurst's sudden departure. She had looked forward to learning a good deal from him about the native customs and ways, and had looked to a long talk with him. She was perhaps, too, more interested in the man himself than she would have been willing to admit.

That evening the party went to an entertainment at Bithoor. Isobel and the girls were delighted with the illuminations of the gardens of the Nana, with the Palace itself, with the Eastern splendor and European luxury. But Isobel did not altogether enjoy the evening.

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you on your success last night, Isobel," Dr. Wade said when he dropped in after breakfast. "Every one has been telling me that the Rajah paid you the greatest attention, and that there is the fiercest gnashing of teeth among what must now be called the ex queens of the station."

"I don't know who told you such nonsense, doctor," Isobel replied hotly. "The Rajah quite spoilt the evening for me. I have been telling Mrs. Hunter so. If we had not been in his own house I should have told him that I should spoil the evening unless he promised I would leave me alone and let me go about and look quietly at the place and the gardens, which really were beautiful. No doubt, a pleasant enough, and I suppose I ought to have felt flattered at his walking about with me and so on, but I am sure I did not. What pleasure does he suppose an English girl can have in listening to elaborate compliments from a man as yellow as a guinea?"

"Think of his wealth, my dear."

"What difference does his wealth make?" Isobel said. "As far as I have seen I do not think that the Englishmen are more amusing than others, and if he had all the wealth of India that would not improve Nana Sahib in my eyes. There are women, of course, who do think a great deal about money, and who like even marry men for it, but even women who would do that could not, I should think, care anything about the wealth of a Hindoo they cannot marry."

"Not directly, my dear," Mrs. Hunter said, "but it may be pleasant to be flattered with the notice and admiration of a person of importance and great wealth, even if he is a Hindoo."

"Besides," the doctor put in, "the Rajah is considered to be a great connoisseur in female beauty, and has frequently expressed his deep regret that his religion prevented his marrying an English lady."

"I should be very sorry for the English girl who would marry him, religion or not."

"I think you are rather hard upon the Nana, Isobel," the doctor said. "He is a general favorite; he is open-handed and liberal; very fond of entertaining; a great admirer of us as a nation. He is a very well-read man for a Hindoo; can talk upon almost every subject and is really a pleasant fellow."

"I don't like him; I don't like him at all," Isobel said positively.

"Ah, that is only because you thought he made you a little more conspicuous than you would have liked at the reception. Is it not, Isobel."

"No, indeed, uncle; that was very silly and ridiculous, but I did not like the man himself, and that set aside altogether. It was the least bit in the world what he pretends to be. But will it be the reality?" I felt just the same as I should if I had one of those great snakes they bring to our verands coiling round me. The creature might look quiet enough, but I should know that if it were to tighten it would crush me in a moment."

The major and Mrs. Hunter both laughed at her earnestness, but the doctor said gravely, "Is that really how you felt about him when he was talking to you, Miss Hannay? I am sorry to hear you say that. I own that my opinion has been that of everyone here, that the Rajah is a good fellow and a firm friend of the Europeans, and my opinion has arisen from the fact that it was unnatural he should like us when he has considerable grounds for grievance against us. We have always relied upon his influence, which is great among his countrymen, being thrown entirely into the scale on our side if any trouble should ever arise; but if you feel like that say nages me doubt him. I would always take the opinion of a dog or a child in preference to my own."

"You are not very complimentary, doctor," Isobel laughed.

"Well, my dear, a young girl who has not mixed much in the world and has her instincts blunted in that respect very much like a child. She may be deceived, and constantly is deceived when her heart is concerned, and is liable to be taken in by any plausible scoundrel, but where her heart is not concerned her instincts are true. When I see children and dogs take to a man I feel that he is all right, though I may not personally have taken to him. When I see a dog put his tail between his legs and sneak out of the room at sight of a man, and when I see children slip away from him as soon as they can, I distrust him at once, however pleasant a fellow he may be. As the Rajah, from all I heard, certainly laid himself out to be agreeable to you last night, and yet in spite of that you felt as you say you did, I think that we should do well to say that without at once admitting that my impressions about him were wrong. I consider that there is good ground for thinking the matter over again."

"What nonsense, doctor," the major laughed. "Everyone here has known the Rajah for years. He is a most popular man, everyone likes him, among the Europeans he is a great favorite. It is ridiculous to suggest that everyone should have been wrong about him, merely because Isobel has a prejudice against him, and that as far as I can see is simply because his admiration for her was somewhat too marked."

Isobel gave a little shudder. "Don't talk about admiration, uncle, that is not the word for it; I don't know what it was like. They have such fascinate ways before they set them, by fixing their eyes upon them. I should say it was something of that sort of look."

"Well, Isobel, I don't know that we eat you, that is certain," the major said, "and I can assure you that his approbation goes for a great deal here, and that after this you will go up several pegs in Cawnpore society."

Isobel tossed her head.

"Then I am sorry for Cawnpore society; it is a matter of no consequence to me whether I go up or down in its opinion."

A fortnight later the Nana gave another entertainment. As yet no further mode's vexation Isobel refused to go when the time came.

"But what am I to say, my dear?" he asked in some perplexity.

"You can say anything you like, uncle. You can say that I am feeling the heat and have got a bad headache, which is true; or you can say that I don't care for gaiety, which is also true. I shall be very much more comfortable and happy at home by myself."

The Hunters had by this time returned to Deennugghur and the major drove over to Bithoor accompanied only by Dr. Wade. He was rather surprised when the doctor said he would go, he was very seldom that he went out to such entertainments.

"I am not going to amuse myself, major, I was not in good humor with Isobel, and I am not comfortable since Isobel gave us her opinion of him; he is an important personage, and if she is right in her instincts and shows disaffection among the Sepoys, his friendship may be of the greatest assistance to us."

So the doctor was with Major Hannay when the Nana made his excuse and Isobel dwelt on the ground that she was not feeling very well.

The Nana expressed great regret at the news, and said that with the major's permission he would call in the morning to enquire after Miss Hannay's health.

"I did not like it," the doctor said, when they had strolled away together. "He was very civil and polite, but I could see that he was very much hurt at your not accepting his invitation, especially in her honor. It is not often he has two so close together."

"Oh, that is all nonsense, doctor."

"I don't think so. He has done the same sort of thing several times before, when he has been specially taken by some fresh face from England."

Others beside the doctor remarked that the Rajah was not quite himself that evening. He was very attentive to Isobel, but was more irritable with his own people, and something had evidently gone wrong with him.

The next day he called at the major's. The latter had not told Isobel of his intention, for he guessed that had he done so she would have persuaded Mrs. Dodson or one of her lady friends, and she was sitting in the veranda with him and young Wilson when the carriage drove up.

"I was so sorry to hear that you were so unwell, Miss Hannay," the Nana said courteously. "It was a great disappointment to me that you were unable to accompany your uncle last night."

"I have been feeling the heat the last few days, and it upset me a little. Indeed, I do not care much about going out in such hot weather as this. I have not been accustomed to much society in England, and the crowd and the heat and the lights made my head ache."

"You took the picture of health, Miss Hannay, I should know that it is the English women when they first come into our climate; it is always a great pleasure to me to receive such a report of your health, I hope upon the next occasion you will be able to come."

"I am much obliged to your Highness," she said, "but it would be a truer kindness to let me rest quietly at home."

"But that is selfish of you, Miss Hannay. You should think a little of the pleasure of others as well as yourself."

"I am not conceited enough to suppose that it could make any difference to other people's pleasure one way or the other," she said. Isobel said. "I suppose you mean that as a compliment, Rajah, but I am not accustomed to compliments, and don't like them."

"I will have to learn to become accustomed to compliments, Miss Hannay," the Rajah said, with a smile, and then turning to the doctor he enquired if a tiger had been dead long a great deal of harm at a village some thirty miles away, and offered to send elephants and a tiger organize a party from if he liked, an invitation that the doctor promptly accepted.

The visit was but a short one. The Rajah took his leave saying.

"You are wrong altogether, Isobel," the doctor said. "I have returned to my conviction that his is a very well-read man."

"That is just because he offered you some shooting, doctor," Isobel said indignantly. "I thought better of you than to suppose that you would be taken over by such a thing as that."

"She had you there, doctor," the major laughed. "However, I am glad that you will dine over to-day, Isobel."

"Why did you accept his invitation for us to go over and lunch there, uncle?" Isobel asked indignantly.

"Because there was no reason in the world why we should refuse, my dear. He very often has no other parties, and after that he will show you over the place, and exhibit his jewels and curiosities. He said there would be other ladies there, and I have no doubt we shall have a very pleasant day."

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY.

Even Isobel was obliged to confess that the visit was a pleasant one. The Nana had asked Mrs. Cromarty, her daughters, and most of the other ladies of the regiment with their husbands. The lunch was a banquet, and after it was over the parties were taken round the palace, paid a visit to the Zenana, inspected the gardens and stables, and were driven through the park. The Nana saw that Isobel objected to be particularly noticed, and had the tact to make his attentions so general that even she could find no fault with him.

On the drive back she admitted to her uncle that she had enjoyed the visit very much, and that the Rajah's manners were those of a perfect gentleman.

"But mind, uncle," she said, "I do not retract my opinion. What the Rajah really is I don't pretend to know, but I am quite sure that the character of a smiling host is not his real one, and that for some reason or other he is simply playing a part."

"I had no idea that you were such a prejudiced little woman," the major said, somewhat vexed, "but as it is no use arguing with you we had better drop the subject."

For the next month Cawnpore suffered a little from the reaction after the gaiety of the races, but there was no lack of topics of conversation, for the rumors of disaffection among the troops gained in strength, and although nothing positive was known and everyone scoffed at the notion of any serious trouble, the subject was always uppermost, and little else was talked of whenever parties of ladies got together.

(To be Continued.)

The New Rain-Proof Process.

The new method of rain-proofing coats and cloaking fabrics will revolutionize the trade in waterproof goods. With the general adoption of goods made by the Mellon process the reign of the old style mackintosh is forever ended. This is a foregone conclusion with all people who have tested the claims of the new process. When merely handling the goods which have undergone treatment no evidence of the strange quality it possesses is apparent. Unlike goods treated in the old way, the fabric retains its softness and has in appearance none of the characteristics by which waterproof goods are determined. The cloth retains its porous quality, and can be breathed through. It is this fact which makes one skeptical previous to witnessing the test by water. After that all doubts are dispelled. The astonishing power of repelling water is wonderful, and a matter of surprise to all. Coats and cloaks made with material treated by the Mellon process are not alone rain-proof, but porous and odourless. Being porous, a circulation of air around the body is permitted, which is absolutely necessary to health and comfort. This feature is one which cannot be found in any other garment.—*Chicago Dry Goods Reporter.*

Love in Kentucky.

Scene, Louisville residence; time, 10.30 p.m. Masculine Voice (from head of stairs)—Young man, I reckon you don't know the saloons in this neighborhood close at eleven.

Kentucky Lover—Good-night, my own. I must hurry.

The Prose of Motion

Aunty—So you took your first dancing lesson to day? Did you find it difficult?

Young Nephew—No 'm, it's easy 'nough. All you have to do is to keep turning 'round and wiping your feet.

Modern Journalism.

Managing Editor (to Reporter)—Are you engaged yet to be married, Mr. Scarehead?

Mr. Scarehead—Er—yes, sir; I—

Managing Editor—Kindly draw on the office for ten dollars, get married immediately, and let me have two columns on "Married Life in a Great City," by twelve o'clock. And—er—congratulations!

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How Aunt Deborah Heard an Oratorio.

'Lias an' Sary allus make it a p'int to hear the orrytoreo of The Messiah every Christmas. They look forrud to it from year to year. "T'wouldn't be Christmas without it," ses they, an' as we wuz on hand this time they insisted on our a-goin' with 'em. Sary told me to sorter prepare my mind, that it begins away back in the days of Isaiah, when he proffesied about the comin' of the blessed Saviour, an' then skips over to His birth an' life an' death, an' risin' agin an' His return to heven, an' she ses:

"Remember, maz, the musick doesn't tell it all, so that if there warn't any words except the title you'd almost know what it wuz all about."

An' then she played bits on the pianny to show us, so I got quite an idee.

"You'll see the new Musick Hall," ses 'Lias.

Wal, we went down there about half-past seven, and there wuz a reel perlite young man (probably a friend of 'Lias's, 'cause 'Lias did make lots of friends) a-standin' waitin' for us at the top of the stairs. An' would you believe it, that clever young feller had saved four of the best seats in the house for us, and turned 'em up, so nobody else shouldn't git 'em. I wanted to thank him for his kindness, for I thought that 'Lias took it pretty cool. It wuz a dazzlin' sort of place, all white an' gold, an' hundreds of lites burnin', an' there wuz gallies one above another higher than you'd want to look, an' hundreds an' thousands of people a-comin' in. There wuz a platform bigger'n the Town Hall to Sackett's Falls, an' lots of girls an' wimmin in white dresses jest like brides sot up there, and ever so many men too. They made up the choir. I kep a lookin' the spunk of 'em, but didn'e see site, an' I asked Sary if she wuz quite sure we'd come to a religious performance, an' she bit her lips an' nodded. Pritty soon there wuz a crowd of men came in with evry sort of instrument that's made, it seemed to me. I see fiddles an' flouts an' base vials an' trumpets an' a drum as big as a wood shed. Then the leadin' singers, two wimmin an' two men, come in an' sot down in front of all the rest, an' a slender young man (I thought it wuz the same one what saved the seat for us, but Sary said no), stepped up on a little platform with his back toward the congregation, an' raised up a stick an' the whole house grew as still as deth. Then the musick begun.

You could hear it wux years an' years before Jesus came, it wuz so sad, so full of pain an' tears an' darkness, with a longin' in it that wuz almost a hope. To my mind, it wuz like long nites when I watched hour after hour by my Caroline when she wuz down so low with the fever, an' both the doctors had gin her up, but I couldn't. There wuz a moment of entire silence, an' then a few delikit notes like a faint streak of dawn in the east, and then one little bird woke up an' another an' another until all abroad there wuz a-rustlin' an' a-chirpin' an' a soft singin' in a thousand nests. But it wuzn't quite mornin' yet, an' while it wuz still all gray an' misty in the valley, an' jest a glimmer of rose color on the tops of the hills, a voice wux heard, strong but quiet bekus it wuz so sure of everything bein' all rite:

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord."

I wish I mite tell you all about it, but I ain't neither time nor ability. I can only pick out a few of the parts that I liked best, and try to gin you a faint idee of what they are like. There wuz several of them proffessies, and I can never read 'em again without hearin' of them instrewments. Sometimes the musick seemed to dance for joy like David before the ark of the Lord, and agin it wux slow an' solum, specially where that line comes in, "The mouth of the Lord has spoken it," then it went boom-boom-boom in a way to take your very breth. There was a wonderful place where it sez, "He shall be like a refiner's fire." Did you ever think it wuz possible for musick to be like fire? I don't know how they did it, but the fine, thin, tremblin' notes, not very loud but quick as lightin' made me feel as if I should be a-blazin' the next minit.

I can't pass by the pare, "Unto us a child is born." The trebles all sang "Unto us," soft an' sweet, as if they wuz whisperin' suthin' too good to be true, an' the tenners and counters an' bases all took turns in tellin' of it over an' over in the same hushed way. But when they came to "His name shall be called—Wonderful" there wuz a bust of glory on that one word, with all the instrewments boomin' an' thrillin' an' most beside themselves with the joy of it, that I grabbed a-hold of Caleb for fear he'd shout "Praise the Lord!" jest as he does in revival times.

Wal, we come down to the very nite Christ was born. Part of that wux musick without no singin'. There wux a few shepherds sittin' out under the stars a-playin' the softest, prettiest little tune you ever heard. You could jest see them in your mind's eye in the dusk, and the sheep and lambs all lyin' fast asleep. And would you believe it, all them thousands of listenin' people wux as quiet as one little sleepin' child. Then there wux a rustlin' an' a flutterin' of wings, an' the angels were fillin' all the air with lite an' musick. What is the use of my poor old pea a-tryin' to write of it! But I can't stop until I've told you a little more. The two wimmin on the front of the platform divided up one piece between them. One had a treble voice and the other a counter. The countersang, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," and you could see Him leadin' the sheep through green pastures an' carryin' the lambs; and then the treble sang the same tune a little higher an' changed the words to "Come unto Him and He will give you rest," and it jest seemed as if you sank away down, down on the Everlasting Arms, an' couldn't be tired agin forever'n ever.

When it come to the sorrows of the dear Saviour, there wux tears a-runnin' down people's faces. "He wux despised an' rejected." O, Amelia, I never felt before how awful it wux, nor how alone He wux! There is one low-down note that is jest as if his heart wux breakin'. Sary sez it wuxnent a note, but a cord, or rather, a discord. Any way, it led the story of Jesus into it, the patient, lovin' way in which He went about doin' good, the homelessness and hunger and poverty He went through with, the hiss and the scourge and the cross, and what wux more than all, the black lode of sins, my sins, that wade on Him an' crushed Him. I never heard such a sermon on the sufferin' of Jesus Christ as that musick preached. I can hear it now.

But I must hasten on. By an' by Jesus hex some out of the grave, an' all heven is rejoicin'. They rail that part the "Hallelujer Chorus," an' ev'ry body stands up. It made me think of the Judgment Day to see the faces, rows upon rows of 'em. There wux one hallelujer after another. It wux allrth an' heven answerin' back an' forth, saints an' angels gathered together, an' we with 'em. We were goin' up a broad, gold staircase, for they sang ever an' over, "King of kings an' Lord of lords," and evry time on a higher note, higher an' higher still, till my poor soul could hardly bear to stay into the body, an' I held onto the back of the seat in front of me to keep from rain' rite up into the air.

There wux more after that, but my cup wux runnin' over, an' I didn't take in the rest. It seemed to me I'd been into heven a thousand years, an' the trumpet of the angel didn't concarn me. I've made poor work a-tryin' to tell you how it all sounded, but you must hear it for yourself. I fully expect it will be sung into the next world, an' I shall have a part into it there, an' sing as high an' as sweet as any of 'em.

DEBORAH BROWNLOW LEWIS.

Who Fired the Barn?

A barn had been burned in the suburbs and a tramp had been arrested for setting fire to it. After most of the testimony was in, the prisoner was permitted to make a statement.

"Your honor," he said, "if anybody set this barn afire, it was the prosecuting attorney."

The prosecuting attorney was on his feet in an instant, and the tramp he'd up his hands appealingly.

"Let me go on," he said, and the court let him go on. "Didn't you," he said, addressing the prosecutor, "throw a man out of your second story window yesterday evening?"

The prosecuting attorney said he had caught a tramp in his house about eight o'clock the evening before and had fired him through a window.

"Thanks," said the prisoner. "That was me. I went out on to a shed roof that broke my fall and almost broke my neck, and went down, where I found a pile of old rags and scared her so she made a break for the back yard, where she startled a stray dog so that he made off with a hoop skirt in the street, tangled between a policeman's legs and upsetting him. The policeman made a swipe at him with his club and hit a horse standing by the curb stone, and he ran away, and up street he scattered a crowd of women and then scared a horse hitched to a milk wagon and he broke for parts unknown, there scared a cow, and he rolled over a cat in the stable yard, watching a rat hole, and the cat went into the barn, where a lantern was hanging, and the lantern was turned over on a pile of hay and set it afire, and the man that ought to have been there was down town trying to catch the horse that scared the crowd that scared his horse up the alley and set the barn on fire. And that's how it happened," concluded the tramp with a long breath of relief.

The court was paralyzed.

"And where were you all this time?" was the next enquiry.

"Me!" he said innocently. "Oh, I was in the gentleman's kitchen eating the hired girl's supper while she was out trying to find the policeman's dog. Come, let's go out side and see what had dropped on the hired girl."

The case isn't settled yet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why the Drummer Swore Off.

"No," said the old drummer fiercely. "I play no games of chance any more, not even the simplest kind, for money."

"Won't you pitch pennies?" persisted his companion.

"That least of all," he said, visibly affected.

"Why not?" asked the other.

"Do you see this dollar?" he said, taking a cart wheel from his pocket. "Well, thereby hangs a tale. Listen: Ten years ago I was, and had been for five years, traveling for a big diamond importing house in New York, and as usual I carried with me a large number of gems, often having as much as $50,000 worth. One day four of us all in the same line met in Denver, and that evening we were drinking and matching dollars for my room. It was a hobby of mine, as it was of one of the other men, Frank H——, who was as inveterate a matcher as ever the late John T. Raymond was. Well, we drank and matched, and kept at it until we began to toss up at $5 a toss, and the other two soon backed out and watched us. I guess we were both pretty drunk, for before I knew it we had a pot of a hundred dollars and were tossing best two in three for it. I lost, and lost again, and then, having no more money, I put up a diamond against his pile. I lost that, too, and then put up two against his money and what had been my diamond, and that time I won. I think we were both half crazy now, for Frank pulled out one of the pocketbooks from the inside of his vest and laid it open on the table and asked me angrily if I dared to match it. Of course I dared, and I dared more. I put down beside it all mine, valued at wholesale rates at fifty thousand dollars, and he emptied his other vest pocket to an equal amount. Our two friends tried to stop us, but we were wild and would listen to nothing. Frank threw first and I called 'tails.' It came 'heads.' It made me shiver. Then I threw 'heads' and he called 'tails,' and we were even. I don't know how I felt as he picked up the dollar, and I looked at those glittering gems, for I don't know anything clearly, though I had a vague idea that somebody would be ruined forever on the next throw. Frank tossed the dollar to the ceiling and I called 'heads.' It struck the floor and rolled over toward the register. All four of us made a rush for it and Frank fell headlong. The dollar had dropped through the grating and was lying on the closed shutters of the register, just below.

"Get a match," I almost shrieked.

I stepped back and my foot struck Frank. He did not move. I bent down and shook him. He was still. I tried to cry out but could not. The other two men caught hold of him then and turned him over. His face was blue and the blood was gushing from his mouth. He had died in an instant. The three were sober men in a second, and at once alarmed the landlady and sent for a physician, but he might as well not have come. He told us death had been instantaneous. I put my diamonds back into my pockets and took care of Frank's; and the rest of the stakes I divided, taking what I had put up and setting his aside, and the next morning we started home with poor Frank's body."

"How about the dollar in the register?" asked the listener. "Who won?"

"Oh," said the old drummer with a start. "I almost forgot that part of it. I never thought of that dollar till just before we left, and going back I fished it out and put it in my pocket, and this is it. It was 'heads.'"

"No wonder you don't gamble any more," exclaimed the listener with a sigh of relief. "Let's go and take a drink as a forgetter."

"And I don't drink any more, either," said the old drummer quietly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Caught Neatly.

In an action for payment of a tailor's bill, a witness swore that a certain dress coat was badly made, one of the sleeves being longer than the other.

"You will," said Erskine slowly, having risen to cross-examine, "swear—that one of the sleeves was—longer—than the other?"

Witness—I do swear it.

Erskine (quickly, and with a flash of indignation)—Then, sir, I am to understand that you positively deny that one of the sleeves was shorter than the other?

Startled into a self-contradiction by the suddenness and impetuosity of this thrust, the witness said: "I do deny it."

Erskine (raising his voice as the tumultuous laughter died away)—That will do, sir; I don't want to trouble you with another question.

An Unusual List of Names.

The *Cosmopolitan* begins its thirteenth volume May issue, under the joint editorship of Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Walker, with a table of contents which will attract attention. James Russell Lowell, Frank R. Stockton, Theodore Roosevelt, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Henry James, Prof. Lane Bryant, Hamlin Garland, John Hay, Sarah Orne Jewett, Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and W. D. Howells himself are among the contributors. The illustrations in this issue are by such well known artists as E. W. Kemble, Frederic Remington, F. S. Church, Walter Crane, William M. Chase, C. S. Reinhard, Dan Beard, George Wharton Edwards, Wilson de Meza, etc.

Dust and Diction.

Bridget (new acquisition in a Boston household)—Does the mantel want to be dusted, mum?

Mrs. Emerson—Inanimate objects can not want anything, Bridget; but I wish the mantel dusted. Pray be careful of the vases.

Memory.

Cashin—I don't know how it is, but I can always remember a face longer than a name.

Malone—God! Then you never had a name endorsed on the back of your note!

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is recognized in the fact that hundreds of so-called blood-purifiers are constantly appearing in the market. That these preparations are NOT so good as AYER'S is well-known to the profession. Ayer's is now and always has been the Superior Medicine for the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood. Its record of wonderful cures, during the past 50 years, is a guarantee that it cures others and will cure you.

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They Will.

"And then," said the teacher, "the evil spirit departed and entered into the swine."

"Pigs 'll eat 'most anything," said Johnny.

Thought She Ought to Sing It.

"What is the young woman playing?"

"That's a song without words."

"What's the matter? Has she got a cold?"

A Lost Sense

Mrs. McCoy—How is yez feelin' this mornin' Mrs. Brady!
Mrs. Brady (who has met with an accident)—Wid me feet mostly, Mrs. McCoy.—*Puck.*

Not So Obtuse.

Miss Oldgirl (gushingly)—So this is Susie's baby! I can't realize it! Just hear the dear little fellow—"Mam, mam, mam!" I wonder if he thinks I am his mother? Do you think?

Colored nurse (uncompromisingly veracious)—Mam, mam's what he calls his gran'ma.

C. E. International Convention at New York in July.

At a meeting of the executive committee held in Toronto last Friday Dr. Dickson and Aid. Morris reported that they had visited New York in the interest of the Ontario contingent of Christian Endeavor who may go to the convention July 7 and 10, and that they had learned that accommodation could be had in boarding-houses at from $5 to $8 a week, and this must be for a whole week. Rooms in hotels may be had at 50c., 75c. and $1 a day; hotel charges in full, $2.50 a day. Mr. Morris purposes going to New York on July 4 and 5 to make final arrangements for as many as intimate to him early their intention of going. The fare to New York and back will be single over Canadian and American lines. The Erie line will be the official road. Arrangements will be made for cars at points where fifty or sixty may load, and if sixty go from Galt a special car will be provided through to New York. The expectation is that 25,000 will go to this convention from Canada and every part of the States.

How to Get Rich on Wall Street.

Junior—Here is an order from Mrs. Peterkin-Smythe, father.

Senior—Ingenious! Clever woman Mrs. Peterkin-Smythe. We must do whatever we can to oblige her.

Junior—She wishes us to purchase one thousand shares of J. T. & W. on her account at seventy-five and sell it at ninety, and send her a check for the profits at twelve o'clock to-day.

What Will It Do?

It makes Blood and Muscle.
It creates an Appetite.
It cures Indigestion.
It strengthens the Nerves.
It stimulates the System.
It increases the flow of milk in nursing mothers.
It promotes sleep when taken before retiring.

THIS IS WHAT

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ALE AND BEEF

WILL DO.

Price 25 Cents

BUY IT AND TRY IT

"AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION."

ADAMS' PEPSIN Tutti-Frutti.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are perfectly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

For Spring and Summer.

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CONSUMPTION

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Some Reminiscences of Byron.

It may be as truly said of Byron as 'twas ever said of any man that,

"The evil that men do lives after them.
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Truthful and good estimates of Byron's character have been made, but they are unknown to the general public. He is generally regarded as an unscrupulous voluptuary, but one without even those qualities of good-fellowship which go to make any man popular, morals or no morals; as one who revelled in and gorged himself of all the pleasure that the world can offer and then cried out against the world; as one who lived and died cursing heaven and earth and himself. A letter which has been handed to us by Mrs. Robert Thomas of Gerrard street, Toronto, and which was written years ago in reference to Lord Byron, is then especially interesting, because it gives us a view of the attractive sides of the great poet's character and of those qualities of his of which the general public is almost totally ignorant. The letter was written in 1825 by Capt. Henry Hill of His Majesty's Eighth Regiment, an uncle of the lady to whom we are indebted for it, and was found among the papers of his brother, the late Judge William Hill of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, on the death of the latter gentleman. It was while Capt. Hill was stationed with his regiment at Corfu in the Eastern Mediterranean that he became acquainted with Lord Byron. Speaking of their first meeting he says: "I declare to you that in the whole course of my life I never was so agreeably disappointed. I expected to have seen a gloomy, melancholy looking man, but I find he was as fine a looking man as I ever saw, in his manners a perfect gentleman and certainly the pleasantest I ever beheld."

Capt. Hill relates many things of Byron's sociable nature, of his ability to make a pleasing after dinner speech, but it is over the poet's charity to the poor that he waxes most enthusiastic. He says:

His numerous and noble acts of generosity and kindness to the poor and distressed, it signified not what their country or their religion was, will, I am sure, never be forgotten by a people who I pray to God may ere long burst those vile chains with which they have been so long bound by the Godless tyrants, and partake with the civilized nations of the world of the benefits which emanated from that once great and enlightened people. And who was there to be found but Lord Byron that would have made as great and noble a sacrifice for a people groaning under a yoke of tyranny and oppression, and had he lived I am confident the noble efforts he made in their behalf would have been attended with complete success. During his stay in Cephalonia he was constantly assisting the poor Greeks who had fled thither for protection, and during his stay he paid a visit to Ithaca, which is contiguous to Cephalonia and famed for having Ulysses' stronghold and castle built on it—Homer's School. During his stay he requested Captain Knox to point out to him the poorest family of the Moriots who had fled there for protection. They consisted of a mother and three daughters. He ordered them to be sent to Cephalonia, and placed money in the hands of a Greek merchant for their use.

The Captain adds, "I have no doubt but that Lord Byron supported at least one hundred poor Greeks at the time of his death, besides the immense sums he advanced for the general cause."

He goes on to give one or two facts about Byron, which are interesting chiefly because they impress the reader with the fact that the poet was a jovial interesting man who did not utterly fail to enjoy life.

The captain of the vessel he hired was a regular John Bull and as headstrong as the D— and was a great source of amusement to Lord Byron. Although he sometimes said things his lordship did not relish, yet his lordship while on board in the harbor was constantly getting some rise out of him, and when the captain would find it out would curse most bitterly. I shall never forget the day his lordship determined to disembark his things at Cephalonia. It was on a Saturday and he met Captain Scott on shore and said, "Scott, you must disembark my horses to morrow morning." Scott immediately replied, "No, no, my lord! none of your heathenish tricks for me." It created a great laugh at the moment and his lordship joined in it, but it was plain to be seen that he would have been as well pleased if Mr. John Bull had not said anything.

Lord Byron was one of the best shots I ever saw with a pistol. He sometimes made me practice with him shooting bottles from twelve to fourteen yards distance, which he never missed, and I seldom hit. At the same distance I have seen him hit three eggs out of five, which was most extraordinary shooting.

The house of Sarcey, the great dramatic critic, is overrun with visitors, who rob him of his time, but for whom he always has a cordial greeting. Most of these visitors are women, who have made the critic an idol, and one, a countess, came all the way from Poland some time ago to lay at the fat author's feet her hand, her heart, and her fortune.

The Drama.

FLORENCE Bindley and the Pay Train are at the Academy this week and meet pretty good houses. The realism is so strong and abundant that no one can complain of an underdose. The wreck scene is pretty nearly what the public was led to expect from the reports preceding the company, and realism is introduced in what may be called the illustrated song, I Never Will Do It Again. The illustrations consist of this, for instance: When Miss Bindley sings that she sat on a keg of powder there is an explosion of some chemical at her feet, and when she sings how she looked down an old rusty gun a blunderbuss is fired off, and when she recovers from the shock she vows never to do it again. This is getting the thing down pretty fine, and leaves nothing to the imagination of the auditor, perhaps pleasant for a lazy man. I confess to a feeling of amusement when over a young girl kneels beside a murdered grandparent and swears to track his assassins to the death. There are two reasons why the scene seems impossible to me. First, grandfathers are not killed in chippards in daylight by fellows who are strong enough to choke and rob them comfortably. Second, if one was murdered, there is not a girl in Canada who would not scream and faint and there after content herself by crying occasionally and making herself more of a hindrance than a help to the detectives, who would get on the assassin's track. It is not the fault of this particular play but of the school to which it belongs. They are all alike in this monotonous exaggeration of feminine devotion to kind grandfathers. But I must not forget that there are a great many people who admire this sort of play and applaud the heroic in woman even though it is an artificial and impossible heroism—worse, morbid and profitless, for if all girls were to vow vengeance and redeem their vows there would be dead men tripping us up on every street, and police would be of no further use. The Pay Train has in it much good business and some pretty clever men assisting Miss Bindley, who is a favorite.

*

The Actors' Fund Fair in New York last week was a great success, realizing upwards of $60,000 without including the sums brought in by sales at the various stalls and the auction of such valuable pieces of painting, sculpture and actors' bric-a-brac as were contributed for the good of the cause. Nearly all the great actresses and actors of America gave some assistance to the occasion, the ladies in sitting at booths and bewitching rolls of money from their admirers, and the gentlemen in arraying and perfecting the other and, shall we say, more legitimate feature of the fair. When first suggested, the fair was bitterly opposed as likely to bring reproach upon the profession, but its success has silenced criticism in the only effectual way.

*

Next week's attraction at the Academy is Bettie Bernard Chase in Uncle's Darling. It is a romance of Alaska and something quite new may be expected. MACK.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Chas. Frohman has gone to Paris and London, and will make a ten days' stay in each city. Before leaving he was interviewed on the question of the one-act "curtain-raiser." He quite strongly disagreed with the opinion that the curtain-raiser would have only a brief popularity and might be called a failure. He said his experience had been different. "I have had no failures in one-act plays. I point with pride—as they say on class-day—to The Better Part and Frederic Lemaitre. With every one of my comedy companies I shall have one-act plays acted in front of the long plays. So strong is my belief in the value of one-act plays that I shall have one of the best leading men and one of the best leading women act in the 'curtain-raiser.'"

The Winnipeg *Mirror* very neatly describes a trait of nature in the drama-going human being: "It is a strange, strange fact, but an incontrovertible one just the same, that the majority of human beings are possessed of an overpowering desire to gain admission to entertainments without paying their way. Many men are so bent on their particular form of dead-headism that they will spend two or three dollars, and sometimes more, in treating a manager or actor whom they are trying to 'work' for a pass when they could buy a ticket for seventy-five cents or a dollar. This goes to show that the governing motive on the part of the pass fiend is not the saving of money, and I really don't know just how to explain this mania for witnessing a performance without "putting up" for it. Countless devices are resorted to by persons who would pass in with simply a nod or a wink as much as to say: 'I'm all right; I have the *entree* here, and you know it.' To be sure, every theater has its free list, and the ticket-taker soon becomes familiar with the faces of those whose names are enrolled on that list, and hence he never requires them to show their credentials; but, oh! how many times he is given a cold, hard bluff by men who seek to have him believe that it is both meet and proper that they should pass right in without money and without price. If the ticket-taker is a veteran at the business, he speedily squelches all such cheeky attemp's, and when once encountered, his stony glare, I am informed, is something never to be forgotten to the end of a man's life."

The Work of a Wretch.

The orchestra was tuning up for the next waltz. They had not met for many years but felt just like dear old friends and chatted together in such a delightfully guileless way as they promenaded the ball-room. They were talking about "attraction."

"Oh! do you know," she said gushingly, "I am always so frightened when I get talking to men of the world like you, you get to be such excellent judges of people."

"Oh, no, you are mistaken," he answered; "women have much greater intuition than men."

"Ah, but then," she giggled, "what intuition could you expect a girl like me to have! Intuition must be cultivated by experience and what experience has poor little me had! Now, you have had experience. You are so much older."

"Why, Annie," he ejaculated in surprise as he stopped and looked at her, forgetting manners and caution at the same time. "What are you talking about! Why, when I was at A. B. C's you were away up. You must be about thirty."

"Charley Summers, you mean, horrid thing—you big story teller—how dare you" (tears, prostration). And the bold, bad band played a waltz called Bitter-Sweet.

HENRI B. SULLY.

In Pharaoh Land.

II.

AMONG many temples at Tuxor (ancient Thebes) Karnak was visited oftenest by us. The great Karnak! We rambled through it by moonlight, daylight and at sunset. While we were going through the temple of Rameses III. Medinet Habu, we discovered a camel with a driver, and for variation took our first lesson in mounting the animal, preparatory to rides in the future. It is not difficult but I assure you has some sweet surprises for the novice. The camel lies on the ground with all his legs shut under him like a jack-knife. You seat yourself on the saddle. Then something like a private earthquake begins under you. The camel raises his hindquarters suddenly and throws you almost over his neck while you swallow half a dozen oha! and ahs! Before you recover from that he straightens up his knees and gives you a jerk over his tail, then another little pitch forward, and just as you are not quite certain what has happened and what will be the next performance he begins to move off with a dislocated walk which sets you into a see-saw motion, a waving backwards and forwards in the capacious saddle. Capital exercise, perhaps, when you are once thoroughly initiated.

I must tell you that in the round of gaiety at Tuxor the British Consul, Ahmed Aggs Affendi, plays the leading part. He usually entertains the English dahabeahs and is in turn entertained by them. He is an accomplished gentleman, was educated by Lady Duff Gordon and also visited an English lord for two years. Ahmed Agga invited us to meet the Mudir of Kenneh, Mohammed Bey Said. At the appointed hour we found ourselves standing on the steps of a large white house, over which floated three flags, the central, the Union Jack, the ones to the right and left, Russian and Belgian. Entering a large square hall, surrounded by divans, which were occupied by several attendants in native costume, we were ushered into the reception room on the right, fairly well furnished and European in detail, except for the divans against the wall. We found other guests and were gracefully introduced to them by our host. Dinner was soon announced. Passing through the hall, two turbaned and slippered servants were in waiting, the one with a brass basin and ewer, the other with an armful of small towels. We each in turn held our hands over the basin, had water poured on them, using the soap, and received a towel apiece: these towels we were told to keep and they served for table napkins. To the left was the dining-room, brilliantly lighted and surrounded by divans. In the center was a round brass table with an upright fluked rim like a big tray, not quite three feet high. For each person were placed a cushion, a huge piece of brownish-looking bread, a long handled spoon, and two tumblers. Plates, knives and forks there were none. That night we ate as Arabs, for the first time eating with our fingers, in fact we found them exceedingly useful. The dinner was excellent; everything was hot and served quickly. Pigeon soup was placed in the center of the table; we were desired to take our spoons, and at the word "Bismallah" we helped ourselves out of the common dish. Pigeons were then brought in; these we disjointed in turn with our fingers. Then followed several dishes one after the other, spinach, and stewed tomatoes and rice, melted marrow and green peas with a thick gravy: to help ourselves we dipped in pieces of wood. Kebobs of mutton (grilled on skewers), krumbemarshay (cabbage leaf stuffed with rice), we ate with our fingers. Next in order was a turkey, a huge one. None of us, I think, will forget the wonderful way in which our host attacked and vanquished it. To eat gracefully with one's fingers is an art; to carve with them skilfully is a science. Drawing back his cuff he drove his finger and thumb deep into the breast, bringing out a long, stringy, smoking fragment. Thus begun, the turkey went round amid shrieks of laughter and was punished by each in turn, and when the Consul wrenched off for one lady the entire leg, placing it before her in the most hospitable manner, we could hardly contain ourselves. The pilaff (boiled rice) which followed is always the last dish served at the Egyptian or Turkish dinner. Following this are sweets, mish-mish (stewed apricots), rus-blebbun (rice cream) and fit-tier (pastry). The drinks throughout were plain water, soda water, whisky and claret. Cigarettes were handed round, and when we rose from the table we washed our hands as before. We did not wait for the coffee, being in a great hurry to get on our donkeys for a ride of two miles in order to be introduced to a bride, the Consul's niece, who was to be married the same evening. Husband and wife had never seen one another, marriage being arranged by Ahmed Aggs. "How strange!" he replied, "Oh, no, it is our custom," gave a little shrug and laughed.

To-morrow we visit Memphis and Sakkara, the following day the Pyramids of Gizeh, sentinels of the long past we shall soon leave, and we shall also be properly introduced to "Mr. Sphinx of Gizeh," as the donkey boys call the stiff majestic figure we all know. Then comes Cairo, and the world will be again before us.

The Nile loiters through the land, the monotonous and weird singing of the crew can be heard, the shores are dim and show lines of feathery palms waving slowly their branches as if in a farewell. The sun goes down, leaving a rosy color in the sky that changes into ashes-of-roses color, that gradually fades into the indefinite softness of night, punctured with stars, and made even lovelier by the soft, pale, fair new moon. ALICE S. MILLIGAN.

'Varsity Chat.

MUCH interest now centers in the Senate, for important matters are being discussed by its members and discussed with a vengeance too. I met a newspaper man the other day, and he said: "Oh! if we were only allowed in at the meetings of the Senate we would for a few occasions give the public some racy reading. It would do the University good and would throw light into the dark corners. We would stir things up and there would be no danger of a repetition of the Park Hospital transaction." Thus he spoke and passed on, looking wise as he proceeded.

*

Two of the Wycliffe College men will bear the lamp of spiritual truth to the cold regions of the far north. Their field will be in the region of the Mackenzie River. These young men, Messrs. I. O. Stringer and T. J. Marsh, were the other evening at the commencement exercises of the college presented with an address by their fellow-students. The address was signed on behalf of all the students by C. S. Smith, F. Wilkinson, W. C. Shaw and T. B. Smith, and referred in appropriate terms to the important step the two young missionaries had decided to take. Messrs. Stringer and Marsh made suitable replies. Principal Sheraton in his address said they wanted earnest evangelical men who detested ritualism, to preach the Gospel. The following young men successfully passed the final examination: Messrs. H. C. Aylwin, J. T. Bryan, W. McCormack, M. A., R. F. Nie, B. P. McKim, C. A. Sadlier, C. S. Smith, M. A., T. B. Smith, B. A., R. Sotley, I. O. Stringer, B. A., T. J. Marsh, F. Wilkinson. Prizes were won as follows: O'Meara prize in New Testament Greek, A. Lea. Gzowski prize in History, N. I. Perry, B. A. Blake prize in Apologetics, H. C. Aylwin. Wilson prize in Homiletics, C. A. Sadlier. Gurd prize in Practical Christian Work, R. P. McKim. Williard prize in English Bible, C. A. Sadlier. College prize in Old Testament History, N. I. Perry, B. A. College prize in Elocution, F. Wilkinson.

*

The medicals had their day on Friday of last week, when a special convocation was held for the purpose of conferring degrees on the graduating class. The new graduates in dentistry were also hooded. Hon. Edward Blake, M. A., LL. D., Q. C., presided and among those present on the platform were a large number of medical men. Degrees, medals and prizes were granted as follows: M. D. (*ad eundem*), S. E. C. McDowell, R. Ovens, T. Ovens, M. B., F. K. Armstrong, A. E. Awde, D. A. Beattie, R. R. Bensley, G. H. Bowles, J. N. E. Brown, P. McG. Brown, H. A. Bruce, L. H. Campbell, W. A. Campbell, D. A. Clark, J. H. Closson, J. A. Cowper, W. Crawford, J. Dargavel, J. A. C. Evans, J. Farrow, R. F. Forrest, Miss M. J. Foster, H. Gear, G. W. Gould, R. H. Gowland, K. H. Green, F. H. Hagerman, J. J. Harper, A. W. Heaslip, F. H. Heming, T. H. Henry, J. A. Hershey, B. Kilbourn, H. Massie, J. McAsh, G. L. McBride, S. H. McCoy, H. A. McCullough, L. N. MacKechnie, T. H. Middlebro', A. Montgomery, F. H. Moss, C. C. Richardson, F. A. Rosebrugh, J. F. Ross, F. G. Smith, J. R. Smith, H. Toeppen, W. H. Tye, H. J. Way, A. B. Williams, J. A. Wilson, W. T. Wilson, J. H. G. Yousell. Starr gold medal, T. H. Middlebro'. Faculty gold medal, H. A. Bruce. Starr silver medal, H. A. Bruce. Silver medals, 1, T. H. Middlebro'; 2, R. H. Gowland; 3, J. N. E. Brown. Scholarships, 3rd year, 1, J. N. Harvie; 2, T. E. South; 2nd year, 1, W. E. Crain, 2, H. A. Johnston; 1st year, 1, T. W. G. McKay, 2, J. I. Pratt. Ferguson medal, H. A. Bruce. D. D. S.—S. Anderson, S. A. Aykroyd, E. A. Billings, J. A. Black, J. H. Fell, H. F. Kinsman, O. Lillie, A. H. Mabee, F. B. Ross, J. J. Sinon, D. C. Smith, F. C. Trigger.

*

Dr. T. H. Middlebro' and Dr. H. A. Bruce were without doubt capital students and withal exceptionally fine fellows. When a worthy representative was wanted to do honor to the college at other seats of learning, one of these gentlemen was invariably the cho'ce. They have had trips east and west at the free will offering of their admirers. The former was last fall down in Montreal at the McGill College banquet and the latter did honor to his fellows and *alma mater* at Bishop College, Lennoxville, at some public proceedings there. Dr. Bruce came from Port Perry to college and Dr. Middlebro' from Owen Sound. Both of them are well known and are popular; not alone in the final year have honors and other high marks of distinction been won by them, but in the other years of the course they attained to a degree of proficiency worthy of special notice. Drs. Gowland and Brown were worthy seconds to the other medallists and were capital students. The class was specially distinguished as containing a large number of students of more than ordinary ability.

*

Prof. Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., has been appointed chancellor of McMaster University (Baptist). This institution, though generally considered to be a theological school, has an arts department and grants degrees. It was thought by not a few that a professor from the theological department would be chosen as chancellor, but the arts men have been honored on this occasion. Dr. Rand is understood to be in favor of making the arts department as efficient as possible, and thus add strength to all the departments. The new chancellor has had much experience as an educationist in the Maritime Provinces, and has been engaged as a professor in Woodstock College and McMaster Hall. JUNIOR.

Some of the friends of the late Walt Whitman are trying to raise about $2,000 to buy the little frame house in Camden, New Jersey, where the poet lived and did much of his literary work. They desire to have it preserved in his memory, with many of his personal effects. Mr. Whitman left a number of unpublished manuscripts, both of prose and poetry, among them a poem, Columbus, which was written on the coming exposition at Chicago.

The Foot on The Stair.

For Saturday Night.

Hush! Let each footstep be light,
And unerring; as those that she best
To my chamber of pain, in the night,
When the sickness that often approached
And pursued me, and took unaware,
And held me in cold, icy clasp,
Till I shrieked in my anguish and fear;
Ah then, as that cry smote her ear,
How quickly she sprang from the couch;
And I heard her light foot on the stair.

Look! How silent she lies!
Her pure spirit left me last night,
Last night on its way to the skies.
She is freed from all burden and toil,
From weariness, watching, and care;
And I, when the torturer comes
With his deep thrilling anguish of pain,
May listen, and listen in vain,
In all the drear midnights unknown—
For the sound of her foot on the stair.

She is dead. O God! she is dead.
She is wan, and breathless, and still;
And I, what was it I said,
When she stole in the dead of the night
On my innocent sleep, unaware?
Did I say she disturbed my repose?
Did I bid her keep silence and rest?
Did I say that my sleep was distressed,
That my brain would be schmed and turned
By the creak of her foot on the stair?

. . . . . .

A plying angel-ol-light
Stand a low awful cry as it rang
On the shuddering dark of the night,
An agonized pleading for aid,
A cry of remorse and despair
That quivered to silence and space;
Yet is heard by no slumberer nigh,
A shuddering, soul-reaching cry,
"Elias! Elias! O God,
For the sound of her foot on the stair!"

CLARA H. MONTCLASTER (*Carie Sims*).

In the Hammock.

For Saturday Night.

A whispering canopy of green,
A parting to show the blue above,
The birds singing the live-long day,
"We love, we love, we love!"
Earth has fallen so far away,
Only the trees and the sweet blue skies,
Only the song of the happy birds
Meet my ears and my eyes.
Swing, Swing, as the breeze goes by,
Swing, Swing, as the morn is bright,
Swing, swing, as the sun rides high,
Swing in the dusk of night.
"Hush," say the dark mysterious pines,
"Sweet," say the birds in the dim green shade,
"Sleep, sleep," sighs the hurrying wind
In the shadows overhead.
I sleep, I dream, as the sun sinks low;
I wake and start as the stars shine clear,
I listen and hear the crickets sing
"Dear, dear, my dear!"
Swing, swing, in the cool dark night,
Swing, swing, in the scented bed,
Swing, swing, and sleep and dream
Till dawn wakes up with a blush,
And the early birds do shiver and peep,
And the east grows red with a sunlit fire
And the lark dares up like a flash, and sings
"Higher, and higher, and higher!"
Swing, swing, for a day and night,
Weary and sick and sorry and sad.
Read God's lesson of nature right,
And hope and pray and be glad.

GRACE E. DENISON.

In Dreamland.

For Saturday Night.

Oft when I wander through some well known place,
Scenes of the past come thronging on space,
Dear to my heart, of pleasure and of pale,
And in my dreams I see them ever again.
When in life's morning all seemed gay and bright,
Little recked we of life's sharpest-fevered night,
Or coming hours of sorrows, doubts and fears,
Love's idol crushed, thrice hallowed by our tears.
So in dreamland memories we recall,
When from the past the mists and shadows fall;
Back to our hearts come some forgotten strain,
And in our dreams we sing it o'er again.

Oft when I linger in the twilight gray,
Where, long ago, we used to wile away
Hours in the moonlight, on the mossy lea,
Hours that were rich in happiness to me,
Well I remember one o'er all the rest,
One whom I oft have folded to my breast;
One whom I loved, and still I seem to see,
Those dark eyes beaming so tenderly on me.
So in dreamland memories we recall,
When from the past the mists and shadows fall;
Back to our hearts come some forgotten strain,
And in our dreams we sing it o'er again.

OTTAWA. HENRI B. SULLY.

Inside the Wall.

For Saturday Night.

Ah! love, between us is a wall,
So thick it is, so high its towers,
We scarce can hear each other call
Through all the long and weary hours.

But, love, sometimes the stoutest wall
Will yield to oft-repeated blows,
Will totter, sink, and at its fall
A glimpse of paradise discloses.

Yet, love, this thought to me is sweet,
I know whatever may betide,
Although our lips may never meet,
Not far art thou—but just outside.

SAN FRANCISCO. A. A. S.

May Dandelions.

For Saturday Night.

Welcome! bright golden dandelions
That gild the fringe of spring
Thou fragrant month, when orchards bloom
And bees are on the wing.

Widest at noon your disks are spread
To meet the sun's warm rays;
Thence, on his slow descending course,
Fixed is your fervent gaze.

When the deep shadows, long drawn out,
Warn ye that day is done,
Hide ye away in tattered cloaks,
Ye flowerets of the sun;

Yet, on each dew-bespangled morn,
O'er lay that bank with gold,
Till time doth give ye crowns of snow,
The beauty of the old.

MARIE H. HOLMESFIELD.

Genius.

For Saturday Night.

When star dreams fade and hope has fled,
When every joy lies cold and dead,
And gaunt despair, unholy guest!
Allures to an eternal rest,
A heavenly voice divinely sings,
"Unhappy soul, outspread thy wings,
And to the circling spheres proclaim
Thy spirit of immortal fame."

Toronto. R. A. WIDDOWSON.

Between You and Me.

NOW is the summer of our discontent," for now is house-cleaning time! The dull evenings when the stoves are black and cold, the raining days when the blankets want to be aired, and the furs hung out, and beaten and put by. It's a very wonderful thing, is house-cleaning; so absorbing and so trying to many a woman. I can't see at all why! Of course, when the carpets are up, and the painters and paperers are like Sisera and delay their coming, and we feel wicked enough to think that if we had a tent peg and a hammer we could out-Jael Jael, there is some excuse for tantrums, but the ordinary semi-yearly flurry of the ordinary woman over the "*nettoyage de la maison*," is causeless and mysterious. What larks it used to be, when we were small fry; how insane the drawing-room carpet used to look, spread like a gaudy patch upon the emerald grass; how funny to see the rocking-chairs under the pine trees, and the bare rooms that echoed our little steps, and the women with their heads in towels and their print gowns waving over the rickety step-ladders as they wiped cornices and polished windows, and then the clean smell of soapsuds (pearline was unborn!) and the bliss unutterable of sleeping on the floor, and—"Oh! what a difference in the morning"—with a cold in one's head, and a sort of bruised feeling all over!

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I have actually longed to house clean this spring, just out of perverseness, I suppose, because I haven't time. I have been thinking that our lives, when we live them carelessly, have need of housecleaning time, when old grudges can be picked over and mended, or if not fit to mend, given to the ragman! Old habits can be sent off to the dye works or the cleaners; old obligations taken up, like carpets, and fulfilled; old blind prejudices swept away like cobwebs, and the dim windows of our perception brightened and the selfish dust of indolence wiped off! And while we are doing all this we shall come across sweet surprises and discoveries of joys long forgotten, and hidden pleasure will be revealed. You know how you find things when you're housecleaning—the bodkin in the crack of the board floor, the thimble under the ottoman, the long-lost nail scissors between the leaves of a time-worn magazine, the paper-cutter in the newspaper rack. A wonderful hiding-place in our young days used to be an old sofa; down the back of its stuffed seat and into various threadbare places, busy little child hands had stuffed a multitude of matters, thimbles, scissors, combs, money, spoons, and one by one they were revealed to our interested eyes one housecleaning time. I can see the faded old damask and the wonderful springs and the frames in the fashion of the year One, and a breath of memory voices is singing in my ears.

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Two pretty girls interrupted me just then. (I had told Mr. Gay I wasn't home, but he declined to perpetuate the fiction.) One of them had a wheel, and the other—well, wished she had. They came to tell me about such a nice little club they are getting up, and which was organized last evening, as you will read in the society column. I told the lady with the wheel that I could not join it because I wasn't a teetotaler. I sometimes, very seldom, alas! indulge myself in a glass of claret, or Rhein wine, or Pilsener beer. The little woman looked shocked, and only that she knew I love a wheel I believe she would have said good night at once and left me to my writing. But you know, a pledge is a pledge the world over, and much as I should love to join these white-ribboned girls, I paused, thought of Bingen on the Rhein, without Rhein wein, of Munich without Culmbacher or Pilsener bier, of certain dainty luncheons without claret, ach, nein. I would not!

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Dr. Farrar (who is one of my life's disappointments, since I heard him, in Westminster Abbey, preach Dean Stanley's funeral sermon) tells a comical little story about Spurgeon. Of course, anyone can do that now with impunity, but haven't you, dear gossips, heard just such a rendering of the text as this? Says Spurgeon:—"There is an ecclesiastical twang which is much admired, a sort of steeple-in-the-throat grandeur, an aristocratic, parsonic, supernatural, infra-human mouthing of language and rolling over of words—'He that hath yaws to yaw, let him yaw'—which is a remarkable if not impressive rendering of a Scripture text."

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A very pretty and unique entertainment was given by the Young People's Association of St. Stephen's church last week. They called it the feast of days. Monday had a booth to herself. You could almost smell the suds; the booth was composed of clean, soft, snowy blankets, and every washday utensil was for sale therein—homely clothes-pegs, so much in the aristocratic, gilded order, so much a pair. Tuesday was, of course, ironing day, and every sort of drapery and cotton wear was there, fresh from the laundry boards. Wednesday was company day, and the yellow stall it owned was full of toothsome sweets and confectionery. Thursday was sawing and mending day, and all my lady's belongings were there for mending and making. Friday was sweeping day, with a stall bristling with brooms, whisks, dusters, sweeping caps, and all the necessary and useful belongings pertaining to a thorough cleaning up. Saturday, as all good housewives know, is baking day, and you should have seen the goodies which were the result of the efforts of St. Stephen's church ladies' skill. I believe the idea of this very successful fair was given by Mrs. Mitchell of St. George street, who also gave great aid in carrying out the attractive results. As my space is limited I have handed over the list of names of the participants to the society column, and am glad to have been put *au courant* with the doings of one of the most enthusiastic and successful church associations in Toronto. A spirit of unity and enthusiasm runs through all their actions, and perhaps it is slightly due to the energetic and whole-souled natures of the president and his able assistants.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Miss Mary G. Hawker, who writes under the pen-name of "Lance Falconer," has devoted her life to reading, writing and study, in spite of confirmed ill-health. She wears glasses, and is very fragile in appearance.

An occupation for blind girls has been developed by the recent experiments in massage to which a company of them have been submitted. Their peculiarly sensitive touch renders their work of exceptional excellence and quite subordinates the need of sight.

Miss Emily Healy of Washington has invented a process for gilding china. George Kunz, an authority in such matters, says that this particular way of applying gold to china is an entirely new art. Specimens of Miss Healy's work are shown at Tiffany's in New York.

Lord Dufferin is very fond of yachting. While ambassador at Rome he passed every moment he could spare from his post on his yacht. He owns a boat constructed on a model of his own invention, which contains an arrangement of levers so constructed that one sitting in the cabin can execute all the manœuvring of the sails and rigging.

Mademoiselle Sarasisa Bilesco, the first woman admitted to the bar in France, is said to have taken the highest rank in a class of five hundred men at the Ecole du Droit, Paris, where she studied after receiving the degree of bachelor of letters and science in Bucharest. She has begun to practice law in the latter city, where her father is a banker.

When they asked Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the other day, the secret of keeping young at the age of seventy, he said: "First, never do anything yourself which you can get others to do for you; second, never trouble yourself as to who will get the credit for what is done; third, never work after three o'clock in the afternoon; fourth, sleep ten hours out of every twenty-four."

Paris dailies announce that Queen Natalie is about to go to London incognito to find a publisher for her memoirs. In Berlin and Vienna her efforts to this end were rendered futile by the authorities. The memoirs are expected to give some details of Milan's shameless life, and of such notorious performances as his chartering a Viennese comic opera company to entertain him for a week at his palace.

The influence of the Prince of Wales has secured for Baron Hirsch entry to the Marlborough, White's, and several other smart clubs in London. But at Paris not even the energetic canvassing of the Orleans princes and of the British heir-apparent was able to procure for him admission to the Cercle de la Rue Royale. And now he has just been blackballed by the Jockey Club at Vienna.

Paule, who long was a very *sans appel* in questions of military tailoring in France, is dead, and has had a distinguished funeral. He began designing uniforms under Charles X., continued to do so under Louis Philippe, and was held in such high esteem by Napoleon III. that the emperor would not wear any military dress not turned out by Paule. He invented the red peg-top trowsers for which French soldiers were famous until after Sedan.

Lady Blake, the wife of Sir Henry Arthur Blake, governor of Jamaica, proposes as a memorial to Christopher Columbus the establishment of a biological station near Kingston, the capital of the island. Lady Blake is very earnest in wishing to interest American scientists in her object. She writes that the station will be modeled after those at Naples and at Plymouth, England. Being international in its scope, it would be "a common meeting place" for the students of both the Old and New Worlds.

Tourgueneff, the Russian novelist, is said to have had the largest brain ever weighed. Its weight was exactly 2,012 grammes. The average human brain does not weigh above 1,350 grammes. In point of size the brain of Cuvier, the naturalist, comes next. It weighed 1,800 grammes. The cast of Raphael's skull shows that it was very small—much smaller than the average. Dickens, Lord Byron and Charles Lamb had very small brains. From this it would seem that there is more in the quality than the quantity of the brain.

One of the latest additions to the formidable list of princely and royal authors is the Princess Stephanie, widow of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. A few days ago, a book upon the Island of Lacroma, from the pen of the princess, appeared in the shops of Vienna. Lacroma at one time belonged to the Archduke Rudolph, and his wife had ample opportunity to study its history and peculiarities. The princess has also written short sketches for the work entitled Austro-Hungary in Word and Picture, whose publication was begun by her dead husband.

Mr. Gladstone is a kind of steam-engine on two legs, with heart of fire and lungs of steel, pursuing his unshirking and unresting way at a pace which leaves all other men far behind. His distinguishing characteristics as a man of business are: First, an instinct of order that is dominant. Secondly, an immense faculty for eliciting the best services which secretaries and adjuncts can render. Thirdly, a phenomenally retentive memory. Fourthly, an immense faculty of concentration, and to diverting his thought from any subject at will; and lastly, a great faculty for sleep.

Carl Loshek, the valet of Crown Prince Rudolph at the time of his death at Myerling, is dead. He went crazy nearly a year ago, and was placed under restraint lest he might reveal something of the affair in his ravings. The cabman who drove Marie Vetzera to the rendezvous has become a horse dealer with the money given to him for his silence, and has bought an estate in Silesia. No one can extract a word from him. The other witness of the Crown Prince's death, Count Joseph Hoyos, is occasionally seen about Vienna, but he never goes to the clubs where he was once prominent, and never speaks of the tragedy.

Father Symphorium's Oration.

Il n'y a point d'accident si malheureux dont les bons gens ne tirent quelque avantage.

Maximis de Rochefoucauld.

ONE of the most beautiful chapels in Brittany is that of St. Mary's-by-the-sea, built in the pure Gothic style of architecture, with its slender campanile, where hang two great silvery-toned bells, stretching up to the blue vault above. And the sombre nave is adorned with rare carvings, black with age, and wonderful stained glass windows, through which filter ruby and amber rays, upon sculptures so beautiful that they might be the works of a Phidias or Praxiteles. It is little wonder then that many years ago its possession was so hotly disputed by the Carthusians and Franciscans, that the saints themselves, like the gods of Olympus, had to interfere and finish the contest.

The old Duc de Chamfort had erected this chapel for the use of his household, and had moreover given it to be understood that at his death he intended to bequeath it, with a sum of money sufficient for its proper maintenance, to one of the two neighboring monasteries.

Now the Carthusians were a poor community, living on the sand dunes, at the edge of the sea; while the more fortunate Franciscans owned the rich and fertile valleys, wherein found pasturage fat flocks and sleek cattle. Nevertheless this did not prevent them from casting an equally longing eye upon the chapel and the wealth pertaining to it.

For many a long year the superiors of the two convents had been unremitting in their attentions to the old duc, and never a single day passed that the two reverend fathers might not have been seen wending their way to the castle; the Franciscan, well mounted, sleek, florid and complacent, the Carthusian shabby, harassed and lean. Both carried gifts to secure the favor of the noble duc, but whereas the Franciscan's mule was laden with baskets of flowers and fruit gathered in the valley, the paniers of the Carthusian's displayed only the product of the sea, in the shape of freshly caught fish and shining crabs and lobsters; and each on his return to his convent would dilate upon the favor with which his offerings were received. "Besides there is always the chance," said the Carthusian, "that His Excellency may die in Lent or on a Friday." Father Symphorium had even prayed that it might be so, for was it not to the interest of the community?

So the seasons rolled away, until one beautiful summer day after returning from vespers at the Franciscan chapel, the old duc passed away, but alas! even the breakfast that he had partaken of that morning consisted of a savory game pie sent from the Franciscan refectory.

So the Carthusians were beaten and very lugubrious sounded the passing bell from the convent on the sand dunes, and the monks hid their mournful and defeated visages in their rusty hoods. The Franciscans, on the contrary, sounded an almost joyous peal from their lofty tower, and the face of the brother who pulled the rope wore an expression little befitting the solemnity of the occasion. But all this was changed when the duc's will was read, in which he bequeathed the chapel to the community whose priest should deliver in said chapel the finest funeral oration. This sermon was to be given one month after the duc's death, and the judgment to be pronounced by the nobles of the district, while to avoid discussion the contest was to be confined to the two neighboring monasteries. The Franciscans were furious; was it for this that for years they had robbed their garden of its choicest flowers, had robbed their orchard of its finest fruit, massacred their game and slain their cattle to make savory dishes, not even withholding the choicest of their vintage, all for the sake of a dubious contest with the despised mendicant friars?

But the mendicants took heart of grace and held a council of many hours' sitting, and at its termination they had decided to elect Father Symphorium to sustain their interest in the coming contest.

Up and down the yellow sands from morn till eve wandered Father Symphorium, seeking information from the vasty deep, and when he had found it, declaiming like a second Demosthenes against the roar of the foam-clad breakers.

And with what consideration did his brethren treat him? All the choicest morsels from the convent kitchen were at his disposal, while the beautiful speckled fish and succulent oysters that used to be reserved for the castle now found their way to the humble cell of the monk. He no longer worked with the brethren in the day time, for all fatigue must be spared him, neither did he rise for the offices of prayer during the night, and under this treatment the worthy friar grew fat and sleek as a Franciscan.

The Franciscans in the meantime had not been idle, and at the end of ten days they announced that their beautiful homily was ready; and the nobles who were to be the judges were now made the recipients of baskets of fruit, bags of game, and cobwebby bottles of rare old port. Hearing all this the heart of the Carthusian superior failed him, and to ease his feelings, he berated Father Symphorium roundly, whose oration was not half finished. Instead of choice dishes they gave him hard wood and even reproached him with the mighty dinners he had eaten, and his long lazy days and nights. And the poor father, deeply contrite, fasted and prayed more than ever, and walked up and down the sandy beach composing and declaiming, until he grew lean and brown as an Arab. When the great day arrived the Franciscans celebrated a solemn high mass, to which all the neighboring gentry were invited, and when it was over the guests adjourned to the refectory, where a sumptuous breakfast was served on tables that shone with flowers and silver.

Meanwhile a very different scene was taking place in the convent down by the sea. All night long prayers like incense had ascended from the united lips of the brethren, and when the dawn broke, the superior embraced Father Symphorium and gave him his benediction, and followed by the blessings of the whole community he mounted his mule and, all alone, rode slowly away, sometimes telling his beads or repeating sentences of his oration.

It was high noon when he reached the chapel, and when the sorry figure stopped at the door a smile of derision rose to the lips of the onlookers; but he heeded them not and walked calmly in, and prostrated himself before the altar, hearing through his prayers the full resonant, assured tones of the Franciscan, his rival, for the oration had already commenced. When the voice ceased he rose to his feet hopeful and courageous, and crossing a short space opened a door, took his place and without even raising his eyes commenced his oration:

"My dear brethren," then stopped speechless, for looking round he saw that the building was empty. Through the open door he could see his mule waving his long ears to and fro to keep away the flies, but not a soul was in sight. Half stupefied he repeated "My dear brethren, my dear brethren," and then stopped, for he had forgotten all the rest.

But what need to recall it? There were only the walls to hear him, and walls have ears only when they are not wanted to have. It was quite clear that the judges, favorable to the Franciscans, had left the chapel without even waiting to hear him. A dull rage seized him; he had come to speak, and speak he would, though it were only to empty seats, and in a high, firm voice he recommenced:

"My dear brethren." He had hardly spoken the words when he saw in the chair directly below him a stately white-robed form, with an aureola of gold above its shining head, and recognized the blessed martyred St. Margaret; then another took the chair beside her, two more, then three, St. Peter with his key, St. Paul with his sword, St. Lawrence with his gridiron, until all the saints in the chapel had descended from the walls.

Now, Father Symphorium was a holy man, and found this all quite natural. The people had refused to hear him, but God, approving of his cause, had sent for an audience his saints from Paradise, and with great joy and thankfulness he recommenced his oration, which he had not forgotten at all.

In a short time the crowd, who had only meant to disconcert and put him to shame, returned, but you may judge of their fear and discomfiture when they saw to whom his discourse was addressed, and falling on their knees they listened, with bent heads, to the beautiful oration. After this miracle the judges, much impressed, hastened to ratify the decision of the saints, who, satisfied at the result, returned to their niches. Every year, in honor of their victory, a Carthusian monk delivers from the great chair a solemn oration, but the Franciscans say, maliciously, that the saints no longer come down to listen.

H. E. D.

Art and Artists.

THE Woman's Art Club is holding an exhibition of sketches in the studio, Canada Life Building. The exhibition opened on Thursday and will continue for a week. There are some very fine sketches, and anyone going through will be amply repaid. Next week I shall give a more extended notice of the pictures, but just now desire to unbosom myself of some ideas suggested by this exhibit and by the picture sale at the rooms of Messrs. Oliver, Coate & Co. on Tuesday afternoon.

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Now, I am not speaking from the standpoint of an art critic, nor as one imbued with the enthusiasm of an artist, but simply as a plain, practical man of business who eats boiled potatoes and dreams neither when awake or asleep. There is a practical, commercial side to art and a not unimportant side, either. An artist to achieve his best possibilities must make his brush the tool of his labor as well as the instrument of his pleasure, and by that I mean that he must not be forced to find a livelihood outside of art. If forced to do this he can only reach half his real length. Further, if he does find a livelihood in art, but only a precarious sort of one, he cannot do his best, for he is always dodging hunger around his easel. A hungry artist cannot seek inspiration from his soul. He may chafe and fume but is forced to accept inspiration from his stomach. If his talented soul tells him to paint landscapes and he turns to obey that congenial command, he is called back by a new, ignoble and repulsive master, and told to paint indoor subjects, to paint them quickly and sell them fast at any price. It is a thraldom that deadens genius, this necessity for painting on a few set lines to suit a small and narrow market. By the bye, let me pause to say that the stomach is a perfectly respectable portion of the human anatomy, and I protest against the current disposition of managing editors to brand mention of it as bad form and the disposition of readers to consider reference to it as indelicate. Not so! The stomach is all right in its place, but it is out of place when it usurps the higher functions of the soul.

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Having said this, I come now to my object. As a practical man I address those practical men who knowing little about art and caring little about the vicissitudes of artists, possess homes and wives and daughters and lay out money for the decoration of the former and for the gratification of the two latter. The art patrons of this town are altogether too few when we consider the population and wealth of the place, and the reason, as near as I can get to it, is, that the ordinary business man with some money and the average amount of taste has never come into business relationship with the artists. Take the auction sale for instance at Oliver, Coate & Co.'s on Tuesday. Some two score gentlemen were present, some bidding spiritedly and some not at all, while paintings by clever artists were knocked down. Paintings that were among the best that could be desired went down at figures little in advance of the cost of framing. I saw perhaps only a couple go for a figure larger than what a good judge would value them at, while most of them were decided bargains. In cosy homes where cosy men enjoying cosy salaries reside, are pictures turned out by machinery and having actually no value, yet framed at a cost that would have bought a meritorious picture equally framed, at the auction. If people knew of this I am sure they would improve the class of pictures in their houses, even though prompted by no higher impulse than that business keenness by which they prosper. Therefore such people should take the hint and attend in an inquisitive mood such exhibits and sales as are announced.

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The awarding of prizes at the Montreal Art Exhibition has just been completed and the list will be found to contain several Toronto names. The prizes awarded range from $200 to $50. Best figure painting—1st prize, Percy Woodcock, R.C.A.; 2nd, William Brymner, R. C.A.; honorable mention, Carl Ahrens, A. R. C. A., Edmund Dyonnet, J. C. Pinkey, A. R. C. A. Sea or landscape—1st prize, James Barnsley; 2nd, Homer Watson, R. C. A.; honorable mention, William Brymner, R. C. A, Percy Woodcock, R. C. A. Portrait — Robert Harris, R. C. A. Artists under 30 years of age—1st prize, O. Leduc; 2nd, Sarah Holden. Still life—Marie Heister Reid. Pupil of Art Association—1st prize, James L. Graham; 2nd, Catharine J. Fosbrooke. Water colors—1st prize, F. M. Bell-Smith, R. C. A.; 2nd, Louis McLennan; honorable mention, C. McDonald Manly, A. R. C. A. Popular prize—Awarded to James Barnsley.

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The Ontario Society of Artists on Tuesday evening passed the resolution appended and everyone must agree with it. Nothing could be more inappropriate than to pass over home talent in this case. That, in view of the fact that a monument is about to be erected in Toronto to the memory of Sir John A. Macdonald, this society respectfully submits to the Memorial Committee that in a matter of this kind Canadian sculptors should be afforded every opportunity to submit designs for such monument, and that, all things being equal, Canadian work should have precedence.

MACK.

A Sure Thing.

Bob Taylor—Do you want to know how to win at horse racing?
Jack Potter—Certainly!
Bob Taylor—Play the horse that I don't.—*Puck.*

A Curious Wager.

A wager was made in 1806 in the castle yard, York, England, between Samuel Whitehead and Thomas Hodgson, as to which should succeed in assuming the most singular character. Umpires were selected whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two men were to appear. On the appointed day Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank notes of various values, the coat and vest being entirely covered with them. Besides these he had a row of five guinea pieces down his back, a netted purse of gold around his head, and a placard on his back bearing the legend, "John Bull."

Whitehead came on the scene dressed like a woman on one side, one-half of his face painted and a stocking and slipper on one foot and leg. The other half of his face was blackened so as to resemble a negro; on the corresponding half of his body he wore a long tailed linen coat, his leg on that side being encased in half a pair of leather breeches and a boot with a spur. He wore a wig of sky blue braided down his back and tied with yellow, red, and orange colored ribbons.

One would naturally fancy that he presented the most singular and ludicrous appearance, but the umpires must have thought differently, as they awarded the stakes, some twenty pounds, to Hodgson.

MY MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

BY MAXWELL GREGG.

Written for Saturday Night.

By way of introduction I will say that I am a bachelor, how old though you will excuse me from mentioning. I take pride in thinking that I am one of the very few "old boys" of long ago, for nowadays we have no longer such as there used to be. Young men take unto themselves wives almost before they are out of their teens, and as a result the old bachelor is becoming scarcer and scarcer, and I am afraid will soon be a creature of the past.

I will not bore you with personal remarks which have no bearing upon my story, further than to say that I am quite contented with my lot of single blessedness and have no desire to become a benedict. I state this frankly so that in case any—er—spinster reading this should for a moment think me open for a matrimonial alliance, she may clearly understand my feelings. Women are well enough in a way, but I could never tolerate a too friendly association with them. They are too peevish to suit my blunt nature, and to be a husband with a tribe of squealing—er—youngsters would break my heart. But the subject is distasteful.

As is customary with the story teller, I will begin by saying that I come of a highly respected and superiorly connected family, that is, as far back as I can trace it, which is to the time of William the Conqueror, a monarch of whom my ancestors were staunch supporters, for which devotion they received vast estates and titles galore. Old ladies who delight to sit around the fire drinking tea and talking scandal have said that I am—er—a liar, and that if I correctly traced my lineage I would find that my great-grandfather emigrated to Canada with his family, and in time was strung up at the end of a rope for—er—horse stealing. It is needless for me to say that a grosser slander was never perpetrated, for those who know me can readily perceive that my ancestors must have been very noble. I have such an air of the aristocracy about me and my manner is so commanding.

Several years ago I retired from active business, and placed the management of my establishment—er—a soap factory—in the hands of my nephew, a very promising young man indeed. I fancy I see the *parvenu* turn up his or her nose at mention of—er—soap factory, but let such a snob or her that there is money in the business, and although at first I had qualms at putting such an illustrious name as mine upon a—er—cake of soap, I sacrificed my feelings for the matter in order that my branch of the family, impoverished by adversity—causes of which are too numerous and varied to mention here—might be restored to its pristine state of solidity and splendor.

But to a man who has been engaged in commercial pursuits for a number of years, retirement is apt to become monotonous, and presently he finds time weighing heavily upon him. At any rate, so it was with me, and noticing that many people dabble in literature nowadays, I determined to lighten the weight of idleness by doing a little in that line myself. Why should I not? I know an ex-lumberman who has attained a dizzy eminence in the world of literature and now handles a pen as adroitly as he once hewed logs. I also know of a shoemaker who, tired of making shoes, turned his attention to journalism and has done quite well, and I have a reddish acquaintance with a printer's devil who by little tricks has climbed step by step to a high pinnacle, and now sits astride that Pegasus in the most orthodox manner. Therefore I fail to see why I, a wealthy retired merchant, cannot assume myself to be classed in few novels and such things. My friends tell me I have already written some very clever things, and have persuaded me, much against my will, to have them published in book form, a copy of which I shall certainly present to the Free Library board, at which institution an opportunity will be afforded you all to enjoy it in turn at very little expense. But I am digressing.

Having retired from active business then, I purchased a snug place in the suburbs and made myself as comfortable as possible for the remainder of my days. I have my cellar pretty well stocked with things liquid, and when literary duties are not too pressing, with good Havanas to help us along, my gentleman friends and I pass away many an enjoyable evening.

Sometimes though, a feeling of loneliness creeps over me, when I realize that my life is almost barren, and of late have found myself envying my neighbor his dear old wife and happy family. Sitting before my grate fire one night last winter, this sense of dreariness came stealing upon me, and I almost admitted to myself that, had I commenced life as that dog of a nephew of mine did, perhaps I would have been happier. He is married to a loving creature, and they have a bawling youngster, who irritates me whenever we come in contact. But, musing this night, I realized that when he grew old that child and that child would be an invaluable support to him. It is well, I thought; it was too late in the day to bewail the past.

At this juncture my reverie was broken in upon by a ring at the front door. Let my stewart, John—I keep a man to look after my wants and relieve me of handling the two intolerable female domestics, of whom he has full charge—came to tell me that a gentleman, who politely declined to give his name, desired to see me upon urgent business.

"Show him in," I said, and as my man was leaving the room he asked permission to be off for the evening.

"Certainly, if you desire to," I replied, never liking to keep my servants too closely confined to the house.

"Thank you, sir," he said, "and as the two girls have already gone I'll see that the doors and windows are securely fastened."

I am very particular about such things and John knows it.

My mysterious visitor was soon ushered in. At first glance I saw he was of gentlemanly appearance, fashionably dressed, and like myself, having an air of refinement about him—that distinguished bearing which cannot be cultivated but is found only in the aristocrat.

"Pray be seated," I said, in my suavest way, and when he sank into my most luxurious chair, his attitude at once convinced me that he was quite used to the fashions of polite society, for he was not at all embarrassed by contact with the elegant brocatelle, nor in fact the least disconcerted by the magnificence of the room, as people unaccustomed to such surroundings so often are.

"Egad," I thought, "maybe a distinguished *litterateur*, attracted by my writing, has honored me with a visit.

Aloud I said: "May I enquire, sir, by whom I am honored with this visit?"

"Ah, Mr. Gilfilly," replied the strange gentleman as he unbuttoned his overcoat, removed and placed it upon a side table, at which coolness I marveled somewhat but put it down as the eccentricity of genius. "My name is obscure and unknown to the world. Until your worthy self, fame has not placed laurels on my brow. I am a struggling artist, and we brothers in art beg of you to let that be sufficient by way of introduction."

"The fellow speaks well," thought I, and chuckled inwardly. "Maybe an intellectual treat before me to-night." Aloud I said, again in my suavest way: "When you say, sir, that my name is known to the world, you flatter me. Unless it be known in connection with—er—soap—which nowise could be called a line of art—I am afraid it is as obscure as you would have one believe yours to be. Although I dabble in literature my work has not obtained for me a world-wide reputation. May I make bold to ask, my dear sir, what line of art you follow?"

"Do not misconceive me, Mr. Gilfilly," replied my visitor, with the most exquisite smile I had seen for some time; "my art is not your art. I am but a struggler, while you, notwithstanding anything you may say to the contrary, have already achieved some success. Your art is recognized; mine is yet in its infancy."

His compliment pleased me, for you know most men dearly love to be flattered in neat speech, and as my mysterious visitor cast furtive glances through the doorway at the wine decanters arrayed upon my dining-room sideboard, I surmised his desire with double quickness.

"So," I said rising, "before we launch into what I hope, and am beginning to think, will develop into a most edifying conversation, allow me to offer you some wine, Madeira, port (brown or white), sherry, or a little B. and S."

I led the way to the dining-room, and by choosing the latter rather vulgar beverage my visitor somewhat weakened my first impression of him, but on offering him the choice of several brands of Havanas he showed his knowledge of a good cigar by picking out the best.

So fascinated was I with my visitor's omniscient manner that we returned to the drawing-room I did not notice we were smoking, a thing I never do in that particular room.

"As I was saying, Mr. Gilfilly," went on the gentleman, throwing himself into another luxurious chair again in a way which plainly told he was quite well acquainted with the tricks of the aristocracy, "my art is as yet in its infancy. As you have no doubt noticed, in the world of literature a metamorphosis has taken place in the style of writing. I refer to the novelist and story writer. To-day we have our Stevenson, our Haggard, our Kipling, in Canada our Gilfilly" (this with a bow and wave of the hand), "along with a host of lesser lights, all of whom adopt a peculiar style so different from the geniuses of the past—Thackeray, Dickens, Lytton, and other clever ones who have wrought themselves into the affections of all reading people. With due deference to you, whose work I greatly admire, those old-time writers were satisfied with producing the homely novel, stories of human nature, of love, of death, so unlike the fire-eating trash, the eloquence and difficulty of to-day. Now in this class of literature the old style is in my humble opinion far superior to the present method. This is a branch of art in which we have not progressed. But with my art the condition is reversed—the new is much in advance of the old, which will soon become obsolete. When thoroughly comprehended by my *confreres*, who still worry on in the same old groove, this new method will be given an impetus which will make of it an unqualified success."

"Pray, sir," I here broke in, "having my curiosity fully aroused, you cannot too soon tell me what line of art you follow."

"Ah, yes, yes," replied my visitor as he put his hand into his breast pocket, "I have something here which will perhaps explain it more explicitly than words; but before continuing, may I ask, my dear sir, if I heard aright when I inferred from your servant's conversation that you would be alone tonight?"

"Your question," I replied, "surprises me somewhat, but if privacy be necessary to explaining your art let me rest your fears by saying that my servants have gone out and we are alone."

"Tis well," resumed my visitor, and again that exquisite smile played about his lips, and when it was at its broadest he drew from his pocket and pointed towards me, on a level with my nose—a pistol.

"Sir," I exclaimed, retaining my seat and composure with difficulty, for I was startled, "your manner of explaining your art is, to say the least, not artistic, and while your bravado is startling and original it does not please me. I presume you want my money or my life?"

Again he smiled and again I say I had not seen such an exquisite smile for some time.

"Pray replace that weapon and continue the conversation without its aid," I said.

"Sir," spoke my now unwelcome visitor, at the same time putting the pistol upon the table beside him, "you have evidently inferred what my new art is. Now, Mr. Gilfilly, the old way, I claim, is far inferior to my new method. For illustration: I am a gentleman—er—burglar who has come for your silver plate (very choice, I believe) and whatever valuables I can pick up. Before divulging my purpose I can inform myself that your servants will be absent for some time—I have you alone. Previous to my visit I acquaint myself with your salient peculiarity, which I found to be a literary hobby. Presenting myself I immediately win your good graces by alluding to your ability and your—er—art. Ha! ha! Result—an enjoyable evening is spent. I take away whatever is worth the carrying, afterwards chloroforming you (as I will do) to prevent an outbreak on your part which might arouse the neighbors to hostile pursuit of me. Now that is my art—the new method. Take the same art—the old method, and you have your vulgar housebreaker, who works in an underhand way in the dead of night, when nature intended he should be asleep. In the first place, to be up so late is not conducive to good health, and in every way the old method is low—far inferior to the new. What think you, sir?"

"Here is a cool fellow if there ever was one," thought I, "to outwit whom will tax my utmost cunning."

"Sir," I said aloud, still retaining my suavest way, "were the principle not bad your art would be admirable. You are, to say the least, progressive, and were I not convinced that I am outwitted it would give me the greatest pleasure to keep you here until my servants returned, when I would gladly give you over to where you would be safe from harm—behind prison bars. However, as you have the upper hand, suppose what you take a fancy to, but before doing so allow me to again ask you to partake of some wine—as tonic only in the sick room."

To this my visitor unhesitatingly acquiesced, and rising we proceeded to the dining-room, he keeping in his hand the deadly pistol, and insisting upon my preceding him.

"Astute fellow," thought I, "but I'll have you yet."

He took wine this time—I, brandy pure, and as he raised his glass to his lips I threw the contents of mine full in his eyes. Mad with pain he clutched me and together we rolled upon the floor. Over and over we went, scattering chairs and tables in our scramble. In the excitement I called out: "John! John!" but alas, in vain.

"John! John!" I reiterated, and at last, it seemed by an act of Providence, my man rushed into the room to find me floundering upon the floor.

"Fellow," I cried, "why the devil do you stand staring at me? Run for the police."

Still he stood with an asinine expression upon his countenance, until at last the truth began to dawn on me. I was in the drawing-room. How I got there? We—the burglar and I—fought in the dining-room.

"John," I said, "that—that gentleman you let in before you came—"

"Sir," interrupted my man, "no gentleman has been here to-night, and I have not been out."

"What!" I almost shrieked.

"No, sir. Hearing loud cries issuing from this room I hurried here, to find you tearing madly about, sir. If—I might venture to remark, sir, I think you must have been dozing before the fire, sir, and had a bad dream, sir."

I thought so too.

Safe All Around.

Teacher—Tommy, you know what I told you yesterday, that if you didn't run right home and tell your mother you had played truant last week, I would give you a good whipping.

Tommy—Yes 'm; an' I told her.

Teacher—What did she say?

Tommy—She said if I hadn't told her she would have licked me too.

A Stern Test.

Mrs. Feathers—You think I paid too high for that bonnet? Why, it's worth every cent of thirty dollars!

Feathers—Humph! Take it to a pawnbroker's, and see.

Betrayed.

First Detective—How did you discover that English defaulter's identity?

Second Detective—I got off a pun and he was the only man in the crowd who laughed at it.

On the Run.

Miss Redbud—My mother tells me, colonel, that you are a great traveler.

Col. Alpenstock—Yes, Miss Redbud. Since the war I have done little else.

Miss Redbud (impressively)—I presume that was what started you off.

Reinforcements Required.

Kirby Stone—I won't be home to dinner today, my dear. Job Lott has invited a dozen of us to a discharging bee at his house, to night.

Mrs. Stone—Discharging bee? What's that?

Kirby Stone—He wants to tell his servant-girl that she's got to leave.

He takes a long smell at the wrong bottle.

With this result the next morning.

The American Idea.

Father—Why have you dismissed George?

Daughter—I have discovered that he walks home to save car-fare. A man as economical as that would—would smoke a pipe.

Proof Positive.

"I know my grocer is honest."

"How?"

"I heard him play the bass drum at a concert the other day, and I watched him closely. He gave full weight to every pound."

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

A Bachelor's Opinion.

"Well, Mr. Oldbach," said Mrs. Newman; "what do you think of our baby?"

"Oh, he is delightful! So young looking—like his mother," said Mr. Oldbach.

A Day's Sport.

Stranger (in the far West)—Where is your father, Bubby?

Bubby—Gone shooting.

Stranger—Will he be away all day?

Bubby—Well, that depends on whether the editor sees him comin'.

A Long Season.

Landlady—What do you think of this spring chicken?

Starboarder—I think its spring must have been as long as that of a Waterbury watch.

A Literal Fact.

Mrs. Lotos—I think Mr. Gushly is a lovely man. He has been married fifteen years, and the other day he referred to his wife as an angel.

Lotos—Of course she is; she died last spring.

Seeking a Remedy.

Mrs. Pinkerly—I hear, Major Kingbean, that you are a great sufferer from indigestion.

Major Kingbean—I am, madam.

Mrs. Pinkerly—Are you doing anything for it?

Major Kingbean—I am, madam. I am suing for a divorce.

A Dutiful Daughter.

Grace—Is there anything I ought not to read in this book?

Mrs. Kipper—No, dear.

Grace—All right; then I won't read it.

Thoughtful.

He (planning an elopement)—And at twelve you sneak quietly out of the house and meet me at the corner. I won't have a carriage, as we must be as economical as possible.

She—Oh, I've made papa promise to pay for the carriage, George!

SURPRISE ON SOAP WASH DAY

Means

Greatest Ease

Greatest

Comfort

For all those who do their own washing.
For those who have their washing done.
It's easy on the worker; there's no boiling or scalding to get the clothes clean, nor hard rubbing.

It's a great comfort to have the wash done white, sweet, clean, without injury to the clothes. SURPRISE SOAP does it most economically. Years actual use has proved it beyond question.

Try it yourself.
Have it tested.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Anything that needs cleaning can be cleaned with Surprise Soap—it cleans everything.

Cricket Requisites

High Class Bats
English Match Balls
New Cricket Shoes
Ventilated Leg Guards
Gauntlets and Batting Gloves

H. P. DAVIES & CO. 81 Yonge Street Toronto

He Got the Razzle Dazzle.

The satchel he carried in his hand as he walked briskly into a Jefferson avenue merchant's place bore the legend, Hair, in large letters, so that all dynamite suspicions were allayed on the spot. The merchant was at his desk with his hat off and most of his hair also.

"Good morning," he said, as his visitor put down the satchel and began to open it.

"Good morning," responded the visitor breezily. "Judging by appearances I should say, sir," he went on, "that you would rather have more hair."

"Well, rather," and the merchant rubbed his hand over his crown, and smiled good-naturedly.

"I've got something here, sir," said the agent, handing out a bottle, "that will do the business for you. It's warranted to make hair grow on any head."

"The head of a river, the head of a barrel, the head of—"

"Yes, sir, the head of anything," interrupted the agent; "but nothing except man has hands to comb his hair with, so what's the use of the others having hair? None; and they don't have it. Natural selection; nature knows what she is about, and you have hands to comb all you can get, therefore you ought to have it. Unnatural selection, if you don't. Shall I put you up a bottle? Only a dollar, and no extra charge for a guaranty."

"Why don't you use it on your own head? You are as bald as the roof of a house," remarked the victim pleasantly.

"I know it," hustled the agent. "Of course I know it. But I won't be bald when you see me again. I've been handling this invigorator for five years and I give you the word of a gentleman, sir, that in that time I've been so busy making hair grow on other people's heads I haven't had a moment to spare in making my own grow. But what do I care, sir, so long as I can do others? I'm doing a noble work, sir, and that's enough for me, at least until next June, when I propose to take three or four months off and resume business in the fall with a head of hair on me you couldn't drive a forty-hoss power mowing machine through. Did I understand you to say, sir, you would take two bottles?"

"No," smiled the merchant. "You didn't understand me to say I'd take any, but I'll go you one for luck. I've got a full set of brocatelle furniture at home and I'm going to try your invigorator on it, and when you come back in the fall I'll have something nice in hair cloth for you to point at with pride."

The visitor gazed at the merchant in admiration for a moment.

"Here," he said, handing back the dollar, "you've earned that bottle. Ta-ta till next fall," and he went out whistling Razzle Dazzle.

Superior to All Others.

"Persian Lotion" is decidedly the best preparation known for whitening the complexion, imparting or preserving its rosy hue, or removing freckles, the mask and other spots on the skin and for removing pimples and all other eruptions.

Taking Head-Line.

"My barber is a hustler. He's got out a new sign now."

"What is it?"

"Bald heads polished to look like new."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

Quick to Take a Hint.

"Yes," said the old Georgia colonel, "I think that up to the age of fourteen the colored children learn quite as well as the white, better perhaps, but there they seem to come to a halt.

"I recall a boy I owned before the war, who was sharp as a steel trap and a great out of myself and family. At the time of the incident I am about to relate he was about ten years of age, and so full of mischief that it bubbled out of him.

"Whenever he broke out of bounds and got unbearable I sent him with a note to the overseer, with instructions to flog him, always indicating the weight and number of stripes.

"Seeing the unfavorable consequences of carrying that but of paper to the overseer, he changed the day:

"'Massa, ken dat papah talk?'

"'It can,' I replied. 'It tells when you are idle and won't work.'

"'But you don't nebbah work, ex I seex,' he said.

"'Oh,' I replied, 'I work with my head, and that is the hardest kind of work.'

"The next time I gave the boy a note to take to the overseer he went off stroking his forehead.

"I soon learned that he had destroyed the paper instead of delivering it. So I called him up and asked him why he had not obeyed me.

"'W'a', massa,' said the boy with a twinkle in his eyes, 'I'ze done been doin' some t'inkin' fo' myself, an' I'ze allowed ay how I'd start in an' work wid my head too!'"—*New York Advertiser.*

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all are go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 39 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

No All-Night Affair.

Moriarity—Honora, hasn't thot young man av yours gone yit?

Miss Moriarty—Not yit, popper.

Moriarity—Well, you'd bettther be askin' him if he thinks it's a courtin' or a wake thot he's sittin' up to!

Send us 6 cts. and learn all about Snort & Just, Bowmanville, Ont. CANCER

Parisian Toilet Cream Free To every Lady

This valuable and harmless toilet requisite is unsurpassed for giving a clear, soft, white complexion, and we will send the formula for making it to any lady who will send us 50c. for one year's subscription to our 64-column Health and Household Journal; 5c. for sample copy.

Medical Adviser Pub. Co., Bowmanville, Ont.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

(Limited) MONTREAL

Offer for sale all grades of refined

SUGARS AND SYRUPS

Of the well-known brand of

Redpath

Certificates of Strength and Purity:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,

MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.

To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:

GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.82 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,
G. P. GIRDWOOD.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD TONIC? TAKE THE INDIGENOUS BITTERS

THE most economic, and at the same time the most effectual stomachic and aid to digestion.

A 25 cents package is sufficient to make 3 large bottles of the best Bitters.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

LALLY!!!

LACROSSE STICKS AND Athletic Requisites of All Kinds

Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.

89 King St. West, Toronto

Lot Number Eleven.

"Once more, Mr. Elmore, I repeat I cannot entertain your proposal for my daughter's hand."

"But, consider, Mr. Bulsale, Ethel and I love each other to distraction."

"Pshaw!" contemptuously exclaimed the unrelenting father of the dear girl I fondly adored.

I, Edward Elmore, had been for a good half-hour doing my very utmost to convince the old gentleman that it would be utterly impossible for him to better inaugurate the new year than by receiving me as his son-in-law elect, and by doing so cause two young hearts to beat with ecstatic joy; for why should I desire to conceal the fact that I had the very greatest cause for believing that my darling Ethel fully reciprocated my consuming passion!

That I had signally failed to make the old gentleman see the interesting subject in the light I wished, seemed only too plain.

I was tolerably alive to the reason why Mr. Bulsale did not look with favor upon my suit. My financial position was certainly not of the strongest, and there was a certain Mr. Simon Sowerbutt, a much middle-aged individual, short (not of cash) and fussy, and proprietor of Sowerbutt's Sauce for the Million.

As the very particular crony of Mr. Bulsale, the confident concoc'er was naturally a frequent visitor at the former's residence in Brixton. I half suspected that Sowerbutt had a silent regard for Ethel, having, on more than one occasion, caught him furtively casting "sheep's eyes" at my darling, when he had doubtless imagined himself unobserved.

How I had obtained a footing in the Bulsale mansion was in this wise. I was a clerk in the office of a fine old-crusted firm of family and conveyancing solicitors. Mr. Bulsale was a "eminent" auctioneer, and revelled in the satisfaction of possessing an extensive and lucrative business, and, as he had many transactions with our firm, he and I were in consequence thrown much together. After a while Mr. Bulsale seemed to take a fancy to me, and invited me to dine with him at his house, and that visit proved to be the forerunner of many more.

The keen man of business, who ever had his eye on what is termed the main chance, found me useful to him in many ways, especially in what may be called the "literary" part of his calling. I refer to the composition of those exceedingly flowery advertisements, setting forth the varied attractions of charming country retreats and the delirious delights appertaining to magnificent mansions, which from time to time Mr. Bulsale received instructions to offer for sale to a yearning public.

I reflected that to keep a watchful eye on Simon Sowerbutt I must remain on good terms with Mr. Bulsale; so with this laudable object in view, I said, with an air of apparent resignation:

"I trust, Mr. Bulsale, tha', although you cannot bring yourself to look upon me in the light of a possible son-in-law, you will only as a habit my occasionally looking in upon you, as before!"

"Come and see us whenever you like, young man; but mind, don't let me catch you making love to Ethel."

I thanked him, and then remarked, "I think I may with truth say, Mr. Bulsale, that you have always enjoyed the little music that your daughter and—and myself have been in the habit of—of providing. Those little duets, for instance, you will not—"

"Well, no," the unsuspecting Bulsale said slowly. "I see no reason why I should not, as before, indulge in a little music; especially as I like it so much."

Especially as he liked it so much! Of course. Bulsale was nothing if not a little selfish.

Thought I to myself, if two fond hearts, with the assistance of a piano and sheet of music, cannot make good use of the opportunities presented, and at the same time bamboozle the unbending parent, my name is not Edward Elmore.

Again I thanked the old gentleman, and then addressed him: "You have been candid enough to indicate that you have no personal objection to me, only you consider my means inadequate to maintain a wife in a manner you would deem satisfactory."

"That, young man, is precisely the state of the poll."

"And a very unsatisfactory condition it is for me," I answered ruefully. "Now, would you mind telling me under what conditions or circumstances you would be willing to bestow your daughter's hand—"

"And fortune," put in Mr. Bulsale quickly.

"That, sir," I answered quietly and, I trust, with dignity, "was not in my thoughts; I should be willing to take Ethel without a penny. Try me."

Mr. Bulsale said nothing, but took a silent pinch.

"Under what circumstances," I repeated, "would you consent to Eth—your daughter, becoming my wife?"

"I should be willing to listen to you," he said, "when you possessed an income of—say seven hundred a year."

My heart sank to zero. Bulsale might just as well have stipulated for a million.

"Or," added the old gentleman, a curious smile diffusing itself over his somewhat brutal visage, as if he had just thought of something which mightily tickled him, "or Ethel shall be yours to have and to hold, when I knock her down to you:—once—twice—for the third, and last time, going—going—GONE!"

I nearly lost all patience with the old fool—fellow for making so absurd, not to say vulgar, a joke upon a subject so sacred to myself. Then it flashed across me that I, too, but a few minutes previously had been guilty of a similar flippancy, and I thought I had better bottle up my wrath and take my leave, so, wishing Mr. Bulsale good morning, I made for the door.

"Good morning, my dear sir," responded the eminent salesman blandly.

That evening, as the clocks were striking eight, I was on Mr. Bulsale's front doorstep, armed with a new piece of music, over which, a few minutes later, Ethel and I were bending our heads in delightful proximity, while papa, in his favorite chair, took alternate whiffs at his churchwarden and sips at his glass of mountain dew.

In a whisper, through the music, I informed Ethel of all that had transpired during my interview with her revered but unbending parent. The darling girl quite agreed with me regarding the untimeliness of the pleasantry her father had indulged in, though at the same time she devoutly wished she could be "knocked down," to myself, of course.

During the evening Sowerbutt put in an appearance, and the piano had to be closed. Then followed a discussion over a sale of a small but valuable lot of antique furniture, which Mr. Bulsale was going to hold in a few days at his extensive mart. Sowerbutt also the proof of the advertisement to look over, to which, as usual, I added a little embellishment. Mr. Bulsale descanted eloquently upon the beauty and value of several of the articles which would very likely go into the broker's hands for a mere song; "particularly," he observed, as he warmed up professionally, "a large cabinet or wardrobe, beautifully carved, and very substantial, no gimcrack work."

"Just the very thing I should like," exclaimed Sowerbutt. "It would come in handy in case—if ever—I should get married, you know." And the man of sauce cast a look at Ethel, which no doubt he intended should convey a world of significance.

At eleven we broke up, Sowerbutt and I going part of the way together to our respective homes, the purveyor again intimating his fixed determination to secure the large cabinet, provided the figure was not run up too high. Sowerbutt was a very careful, not to say stingy, man, considering the pot of money he had made with the "Sauce for the Million," which, by the way, candor compels me to admit was a very relishing condiment and deserved the enormous sale it enjoyed.

As I was seated at my modest morning meal on the day of the sale of the antique furniture, I fell to musing on the probable amount old Sowerbutt would bid up to for the ancient cabinet.

"Tallygraft, sir!" said Mary Jane, bursting in upon me.

I never could get that hand-maiden to say telegram. Opening the buff-colored despatch I read: "Purchase at sale this morning Lot Number Eleven at any cost. Do not fail your Ethel."

"So, Mr. Sowerbutt," I murmured, "you are going to be done out of your contemplated purchase. But what on earth can Ethel want with the cabinet, and at any cost, too?" However, I had little time to lose in vain speculations, so set off to the scene of operations, looking in at the office on the way to make excuses for my absence. I arrived at the mart just as the third lot was being knocked down. Bulsale seemed surprised on seeing me enter, while Sowerbutt, who was close to the rostrum, looked as dark as his own sauce; as though, in fact, he had intuitively guessed the cause of my presence there.

Lot Ten was quickly reached and disposed of. The auction-er then, clearing his throat, assumed an air of extra importance, and commenced to eulogize "Lot Number Eleven in the catalogue," speaking of the "noble piece of antique furniture in terms so feeling that anyone might have been excused for imagining the article offered had belonged to a long line of Bulsale's ancestors.

When Mr. Bulsale had apparently exhausted his category of laudatory phrases, he actually wound up with, by way of peroration:

"The article, ladies and gentlemen, needs no words of mine to convince anyone of its uniqueness; there it is to speak for itself."

"A sovereign," bid a venturesome spirit.

The auctioneer remarked that it was rather too early in the day for joking; however, he would take the bid just by the way of making a start.

"Let's see inside of it," suggested one of those sweet wits often seen at auctions.

"Certainly, if you desire to, sir, though I may tell you there is nothing, not even a shelf; but should anyone require shelves fixing, the cost would be only trifling. John, unlock the cabinet."

"The key ain't in, sir," answered the attendant.

"It was an hour ago, I'm certain," remarked Mr. Bulsale. "However, it's of little consequence. Sorry we can't oblige you, sir, just at the moment; the key has evidently been mislaid."

"Supposing, after all, there is something inside will it go with the article?"

"I pledge you my word," answered Mr. Bulsale with mock irony, "that the fortunate purchaser of that work of art may justly claim anything that may happen to be in the interior. I trust everybody will now be satisfied, and allow us to get on with business."

There is no need to dwell on the progress of the bidding for Lot Number Eleven. Besides myself there were two or three other keen competitors, and so, even if I had not been there with such imperative orders, Sowerbutt would have failed to secure the coveted piece of furniture at what he considered a reasonable price; he retired from the field vanquished when the bidding had reached £12 10s. Eventually the cabinet fell to my bid of £37 15s., and a rather exorbitant figure I considered it. Of course, after all, I was but an agent in the matter.

As there were not many lots to be disposed of, I elected to stay till the sale was concluded, thinking it just possible I might learn something more respecting my purchase. I pushed my way through the crowd into Mr. Bulsale's private office behind the sale-room, and seated myself facing the doorway through which I had just entered, my eyes the while resting on the antique cabinet, which had been so placed that the back of it was partly across the entrance to the private room.

I had been sitting a minute or so, musing over the unusual events of the morning, when, to my amazement, I saw—there was no doubt about it—the back of the wardrobe slowly opening towards me, like a door, disclosing a space of four or five inches, and through this aperture there appeared a small feminine hand, whose tapered fingers dangled invitingly a scrap of paper. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I rose and quickly transferred it to myself. The little hand was thereupon instantly withdrawn, and the opening closed.

Could I believe my eyes, as I read on the paper I had so mysteriously become possessed of, as follows?—

"So I have really been knocked down to you, dear! Merte, sir, you will understand my telegram. You, of course, will know how to complete the strategem begun by Ethel?"

"Where? The dearer darling!"

The next moment Mr. Bulsale entered, exclaiming:

"There, I've just finished. But where is Ethel?"

Before I could reply, the back of the antique cabinet again opened, but wide this time, and Ethel—looking very fancy you'd get along better in business, there is rather a good power of bargaining and great vivacity, good but narrow judgment, too open heart and mouth, also! I forgot about them, you are just an impulsive, rather persevering, warm-hearted and unfinished piece of bric-a-brac. Don't be down-hearted; there are more bright than cloudy days in this country at all events. Don't you mind me to take your love to some one over there!

WOODSTOCK.—1. Your letter made me laugh. You are such a queer blunt specimen. And the idea of your saying you have no character! Listen. You are very persevering even to perdtence in gaining your ends, fond of society and a good talker, rather more pessimistic than is good and very honest and true, slightly self-conscious, fond of a joke (very fond indeed, you naughty, naughty!), you are careless of details and somewhat impatient, though you have good self-control, with a mind and a will of your own. 2. I don't consider Amelia River's books interesting. They are unnatural and sometimes unpleasant, though I quite enjoyed them, perverted taste you may think, maybe; you can order them anywhere in Toronto I'm sure. I don't think they are in great demand as they lack with a certain class of reader, not the general pub'ic by any means. I hope you don't call this a snubby answer.

GRENVILLE.—1. Certainly. When King Arthur's Court was in its pride at Caerleon, on the River Usk, in Wales, twelve of the most courageous knights dined at the King's Round Table daily. Hundreds of other knights and beautiful ladies lived at court, and often knights set out in search of adventure to all parts of the world. The stories of these adventures, chanted by Welsh bards, and handed down to us, are the true foundation of the romances about Arthur and his knights. First the French, then the Germans, Spanish, Italians and last of all the Norse and Slavonic people adopted and adorned these legends and stories. Wagner's Parsifal, Tristan and many other well known stage heroes of to-day were once Arthur's knights. 2. You are inquisitive, romantic, rather impulsive, rather positively inclined, slightly cranky when contradicted, original, clever and of marked individuality, and while far from secretive, still decidedly prudent, constant in purpose and slightly wedded to old methods.

CORLY.—1. You are 21 and he is 24, you love him and he loves you, he is poor, and your parents think your time is being lost. No doubt they do, Corly, and you want me to advise you! Well, if the male party of 24 is trying to make a living, is working hard, and you see the smallest chance of success, please continue to love him. And encourage him all you can, you won't be wasting time doing so, even if you do not marry him some day! If he is unloved, lazy, unambitious and so on, give him his congé before to-morrow night. You are wasting your time and your affections in very great measure. If your parents don't feel like seeing you round any longer, get something to do for yourself. Have good sense, above all things Corly, and don't give "your every thought" to any young man. Keep a few for the greater things of life, and, by the way, don't address an unknown editor as "dearest." I have been scared out of my wits for fear the young man of 23 and of good family might happen to find out about your absent-minded endearment, and come after me with a gun. 2. You say you are thinking of studying medicine; poor boy. With your every thought given to the young man of 23 you'll be poisoning somebody first thing you know. 3. As to your writing, it is far too good for the matter it sets forth, and I think the distance and all about it is a humbug. It shows varying impulse, unstability, perseverance, carelessness and thoroughness, generally speaking, lacks taste and culture. You are confiding, timid, capricious (oh Corly,) and have not a very stiff backbone. Brace up, dear Corly, and don't worry; things will come all right if you are sensible.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by stamps are not studied.

HELEN DELL.—I don't see anything noticeably lacking in you but want of decision and snap. You take things rather easily and though sure are decidedly slow.

CARLTON.—You are rather original, careful, with some peculiarities which are not displeasing, constant in purpose and affection, extremely prudent in speech, lack hope, energy and ambition.

NIBBY-ONE.—Wit, mirth, generosity, love of beauty, taste for art and sympathetic feeling are shown, good temper, tact and decision also. It is not so much a letter as an attractive character, I imagine.

"JIM."—They are still there, my dear, under self-reliance and perfect control, inclination to be petulant, and not always satisfied with yourself; your lack of repose has the effect of tiring me as I study your very speaking chirography.

SIGOLA.—I hope for the writer's sake that this study is correct. It is positively shocking. Vanity, conceit, self-assertion, impulse and lack of taste and culture are shown. It is the sort of writing which one scans by dazed to definitess, as a very weak and weight-of-nothing man.

SUMMER.—Here is a gentle-mannered and kind-hearted woman, with rather unbusinesslike ways and lots of self-assertion. She is neither ambitious nor selfish, but though without original humor, she can enjoy a joke. She is generous, has an ideal, able to keep a secret, sympathetic and true.

ALAN, Saginaw.—This is the writing of a person fond of good living, very determined, rather witty, ambitious and with immense imagination, enterprise and will power. 2. He is rather too open in speech for a diplomat, and rather of his own way, but some tact and a very sympathetic perseverance and very strong capacity for affection are shown.

WATER LILY.—1. What a girl friend she must be, who exhausts all the originality of so bright a young lady as you are! Your dainty writing shows excellent judgment, refinement, care, impulse, and a tendency to moods, nervous, now gay. You are fond of fun, rather unfinished, affectionate and sympathetic in feeling. 2. I think it is Sir Edwin Arnold's.

ERNA L.—So sorry I neglected your social, Erica; I quite intended to take you out of your turn on account of it, but somehow you got into the crowd and I forgot you. I hope it was a great success. 2. You are sympathetic, energetic and optimistic, full of life, and able to accept its ups and downs with equanimity. I would trust you with a secret, but could not repeat for you, for fear of grudges, you are set in your opinions and they are formed wisely and carefully, you would be loving and constant, honest and self-respecting. A fine hand, truly.

MIDNIGHTGIRL.—My apologies are made elsewhere, but really I feel like doing it again. Your writing shows your very energy and very quick comprehension, rather an impulsive and self-conceited will, refined and cultured mind, and rather undue bigotry in opinions. You are not adaptable and cling to old ways and associations. I am truly glad the column has caused a quiet hour for you, though I cannot enter into your feelings, having never been placed in your case (no) heavy-eyed girl, "a quiet place apart" I think like you to tell me that I am forgiven—and not forgotten.

CLARA MAY.—I quite feel the serious results if I make a mistake in your delineation, and realize that as I am to be thought "pretty smart" if I get it right, I shall do my very best. At the same time I don't see why, if you are quite good enough to give your own character, you should be to trouble and expense to get some outside opinion. Well, here goes! You are self-willed and prejudiced, rather lacking in tact and sympathy, taste uncultivated, prudence good, affection slight, and pride strong. You are self-assertive, persevering, rather careful and decided; your disposition is rather matter-of-fact, imagination small and though original, not talented. You are not ambitious, but rather well-satisfied and contented.

SHAMROCK.—Forgive me, please, dear Irish boy, I clean forgot you. Such energy as you have should surely find its proper sphere, you have ambition too, but neither tact nor diplomacy. Some of us Irish folks seem born without those both, don't we? Thank you for your good wishes. I do it in coaxing true, not the loud part being a forbidden visit to the end of all. I really fancy you'd get along better in business, there is rather a good power of bargaining and great vivacity, good but narrow judgment, too open heart and mouth, also! I forgot about them, you are just an impulsive, rather persevering, warm-hearted and unfinished piece of bric-a-brac. Don't be down-hearted; there are more bright than cloudy days in this country at all events. Don't you mind me to take your love to some one over there!

WOODSTOCK.—1. Your letter made me laugh. You are such a queer blunt specimen. And the idea of your saying you have no character! Listen. You are very persevering even to perdtence in gaining your ends, fond of society

The Drama Terrific

Tamarack (Chief of the Saugatunks)—Tell me where you have hidden me che-l-id or my knife shall cut the secret from your-r cr-r-raven hear r-rr-rt!

Foot-in-the-Clouds (a Mohawk)—Let yer knife do its bloody wor-r-rk. I ain't no paleface to be skeered into betrayin' a tribe's secrets. Strike, but *remember*, mer death will be avenged! Ha ha—ha!!! (Spite.)

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DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.
The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion of alkali. They are of opinion, after a careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Hoade Redwood, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Haitas, F.I.C., F.C.S.
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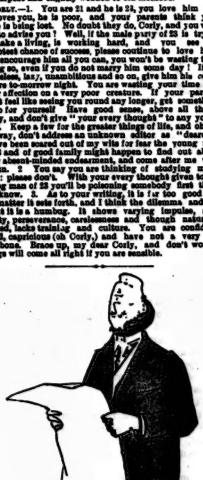

"The news turned his head."

On the Chicago Limited.

"Why have we slowed up?"
"This is Philadelphia."

A Bad Man.

Willie Wangle—I aimed that shot gun of yours at mamma's dressmaker to-day, and she was so scared that she ran away.

Mr. Wangle—You did, eh! Well, you're a good boy. Come out in the back yard and I will show you how to use that gun.

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News*. The Canadian edition is lately illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 60c; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstalls. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

A Sweet Thought.

"I guess the sand man's come," said Mrs. Binkley as the baby began rubbing his eyes.

"Yes," said Mr. Binkley. "I find his bill on the table here. We must economize on groceries, Maria."

Hit Hard.

"I think young Forper is very much smitten with Fannie," said Mrs. Hankinson.

"Well, he'd be smitten with a crowbar if I catch him around here," returned the old man.

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The Bride's Dress

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUY FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL

Music.

LARGE audiences seem to have become the fashionable caper at the Pavilion lately. The Lloyd concert and that of the Haslam Vocal Society were both extremely well attended functions. The former of these was an astonishingly short affair, largely owing to the severe sore throat which afflicted Mr. Frank May. This gentleman made a brave attempt to sing his song, but the first phrase was sufficient to satisfy both him and the audience that he was not open for business that evening. The audience very properly admired his plucky attempt to sing, and he retired, covered with confusion and applause, so to speak. Mr. Edward Lloyd, very naturally, the great attraction on the programme, was most warmly received. He sang the Lend Me Your Aid, from Gounod's La Reine de Saba, very effectively, in spite of the somewhat indifferent accompaniment provided by Mme. Marie Hyndberg, who replaced Mrs. Carl E. Martin, originally announced for this department. This number was received with loud and prolonged applause, to which Mr. Lloyd responded by singing When Other Hearts. May I hope for pardon from the long-suffering reader if I say that Mr. Lloyd's way of aspirating his slurred notes is much exasperating to his listeners! Why does he do it? It spoils an otherwise enjoyable performance with its spasmodic effect and is, in my opinion, a horrible solecism for a $2,000 (more or less) tenor to commit. Once in a verse, or once in an aria, one might overlook it if used as a dramatic effect, but to indulge so constantly as does Mr. Lloyd is too, too much.

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Mr. Lloyd reached the acme of his excellence in the singing of I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby, which was a most exquisite piece of artistic work. Elegant phrasing, beautiful tone and refined expression all combined to make it an exhibition I have not heard surpassed in Toronto in thirty years. But his Come Into the Garden, Maud, was a regrettable contrast. It was spasmodic and jerky in detail. In Tom Bowling, Mr. Lloyd seemed to show weariness, and the aspiration came into play again, so that the dear old song lacked the well rounded effects which characterized his rendition of Day's fine lyric. In The Anchor's Weighed, Mr. Lloyd essayed the dramatic line, which does not suit him as well as the purely lyric style.

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Miss Theodora Pfaffin is one of the most popular singers in Chicago and has a brilliant though not very sympathetic voice. She shows great flexibility and a certain dashing style which makes her singing effective. This same dash, however, mars her work, as her phrasing is negligent and her intonation on the closing notes of phrases very insecure. Her scales are sometimes very much blurred. Eternal vigilance is the price of artistic elegance as well as of liberty, and many young singers would do well to remember this, and not forget that nature's gift of a fine voice and a good teacher's routine are not all that make the acceptable singer. Her singing of the Mignon Polonaise exhibited the graces and defects that I have mentioned. The Sweetest Flower, by Vanderstucken, was beautifully sung, but the airy elegance of Nevin's One Spring Morning hardly received the proper representation at Miss Pfaffin's hands. Miss Dora Valesca Booker is a charmingly graceful young lady who plays the violin very pleasingly. Her tone is sweet and elegant but not large or magnetic. She was at first handicapped by the use of a low pitch piano, and when she played her second unaccompanied secured much more brilliancy of tone in the usual pitch. She showed clever and accurate double-stopping in Leonard's Duetto and was deservedly encored. This concert closes the series of Messrs. Suckling & Sons' excellent musical events. I must not forget to mention that Father Torrington's accompaniments of Mr. Lloyd's songs won much well deserved praise.

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The other event is always a welcome one on account of its usual excellency and also on account of the interest which attaches to the rivalry between the two vocal societies. I may add that I shall not depart from my usual line of prudence in not saying which of the two I consider superior, though the question has been frequently asked me during this week. The chorus of the Haslam Vocal Society is a fine one unquestionably, and showed plentiful signs of careful training. The balance of tone was very well adjusted, though the quality varied in the parts. The altos were splendid in this respect, being the best section. There was a trifling suggestion of hardness in the soprano tone, which sometimes prevented a perfect blending of tone. The attacks were crisp and precise, but the "cut-offs" not so unanimous. The shading was excellent and I cannot remember better work in this respect under Mr. Haslam's baton. Mr. Haslam has been in poor health lately and I dare say that much of what I must term languor in the *tempi* on Thursday evening may be ascribed to this cause.

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In the most ambitious effort by the society, Lassen's Choral Suite, movements indicated as moderato, andante, languidamente, and one termed quasi guitarra, were taken at identical speed, a proceeding one would not ordinarily expect from a musician of Mr. Haslam's perspicacity. The closing movement of this work, a serenade, was beautifully sung in tone, precision and expression. Similar excellence attended the rendition of the first number on the programme, Sir Arthur Sullivan's Peace, Gounod's By Babylon's Waves and the ever-welcome When Evening's Twilight. An arrangement of Alabieff's Russian song, The Nightingale, rather suffered from lack of accentuation, a defect which also attended the singing of Leslie's Madrigal, which became heavy and labored in consequence. The intonation of the chorus was excellent and it certainly added much to the pleasure of the evening.

•

Mme. Scalchi has almost all of her glorious voice yet, but some of the magnetism has departed with what might be termed the missing resonance. Still the effect is much the same as of old, when method cranks threw their fads to the winds and joined in the uproar of applause. A great voice will always capture popular admiration, and Scalchi's voice is yet great. She sang the Page's Song from The Hugenots, and sang the florid work with the same ease as she did the cantabile. The Mignon Gavotte, with its light and dainty elegance, sounds a trifle queer when rolled out in Scalchi's massive tones, but it was her most successful effort, and was beautifully sung. Her accompaniments were very carefully played by Mr. George Bowles. The Schmidt-Herbert quartette showed what can be accomplished in the way of equalizing tone in different factors by assiduous practice, and played excellently. Their shading and their pianissimos were exquisite in their careful adjustments. Mr. Herbert has been heard here before, and his excellences as a violoncellist are well known. He fully justified the high opinions he has won here. Mr. Louis Schmidt, solo violinist of the evening, can hardly lay any claims to virtuosity, but gave a satisfactory account of himself.

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A move in the right direction has been made by Mr. Torrington in the organization of his orchestral school, which is a free gift in the way of training to young instrumentalists, affording an opportunity to become acquainted with the more practical and everyday side of musical effort. This body will give a concert on Tuesday, June 7th, at the Pavilion.

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Do not forget the concerts to be given on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings by the Philharmonic Society, with a big array of soloists led by Mr. William Kaiser of New York, a chorus of three hundred voices, and an orchestra of sixty-five. Also remember the concert on Thursday evening of Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra, one of the best on the continent, and bear in mind the church choir festival at St. James' Cathedral, on Friday evening.

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The Detroit Philharmonic Club—an excellent string Quartette—will give two character concerts, on Thursday and Friday, June 2 and 3.

METRONOME.

A True Story.

WHEN our evening meal was over it was the custom in camp to gather around the fire and spin yarns. Some of us were veracious, others semi-veracious, while one or two stretched the long bow to considerable extent; but for pure, unadulterated lying, I think Big Feather, our Indian guide, took the cake.

He was a long, lanky, slow and sedate sort of Injun, with more muscle than one would give him credit for and we had learned to appreciate him on this account, but still we never lost a chance to chaff him, and many a stretched yarn was palmed off on him as truth.

One night after a cycle of very questionable stories, we all joined in pressing Big Feather to tell a yarn.

"Me tell story, me tell true story," he said. So we pressed him for a true story, ignoring his implied unbelief in our veracity, and after some coaxing he began.

"When me young me marry chief's daughter. Me go off, build me wigwam on bank of big river. Me'en squaw so happy. Me catch fish, squaw cook 'eem; we live in wigwam and be very happy.

"One day only squaw go fishing; me make basket on de shore. Me see squaw hab bite. Fish pull, squaw pull, then quick, the canoe turn right over. Me jump into the water; swim out to canoe, but me see no squaw. Me dive down deep, but find no squaw, so me get de canoe and paddle back to shore.

"Then me very lonely; me hab no squaw; me kill deer; me hab to cook him; eat him lone. Me hab no squaw, so me lonely.

"Three moon pass, then me get mad; me know what me do. Me go catch fish. Me hab revenge for me squaw.

"Me get me canoe, me bait me hook, me fish same place me squaw fish. Soon me hab big bite, me know me got'eem.

"Then me tie me line to canoe and me paddle into shore, me no lose him, him big big fish, but me pull so hard me soon hab him on the bank.

"Then me so mad me take out me knife and me cut that big fish right open from him tail to him head.

"Then me was so scared me dident know what to do. Dare, inside dat big fish was me squaw, just like she was three moons before; she smoke her cob-pipe jus' de same.

"Me tell me squaw get up and cook me dinner, and me and me squaw live in the wigwam by the big river many moons and we be very happy."

"Dare," continued Big Feather after a pause, "wen me tell story me tell true story." And always afterwards, knowing the master hand among us, we refrained from undue exaggeration.

H. A. B.

Making False Confessions.

It is no uncommon circumstance for persons to confess to having perpetrated crimes of which they were certainly or probably innocent, and there is no doubt that there are forces in operation in the human mind which may prompt the making of a false confession, even though by so doing life, liberty or property are very much endangered. Thus there is a difficulty in the minds of some persons who exhibit no other evidence of mental aberration, to discriminate between their thoughts or their dreams, and absolute facts. They brood over some real or imaginary circumstance until they bring themselves to believe in its reality.

Such a person, for instance, reads in the daily paper of some shocking murder that has been committed, the perpetrator of which has escaped unrecognized. He reads it in one newspaper and in another, and perhaps a third, hears it talked of among his acquaintances, and begins by speculating in his own mind as to whether the murderer will be discovered. He knows that murders have been committed by persons who at times were in a state of somnambulism or who were suffering from an epileptic paroxysm.

Suddenly an idea strikes him that he may be the guilty man. At first the notion is horrible to him, but its very horror renders it attractive. Ultimately, having arrived at this terrible state, he fully believes himself to be the murderer for whom the police are seeking. He visits the place where the crime was committed, and some of such characters have been known to question the residents of the locality with regard to all the particulars of the crime, and even to interrogate the police relative to their plans for securing the murderer, and the secret evidence they have in their possession.

At last suspicion turns towards him, and eventually he is arrested. Bewildered by his position, and confused by the different accounts of the murder which he has read and heard, and perhaps believing that he committed it during a fit of epilepsy, he confesses that he perpetrated the murder, and gives a circumstantial account of it.

However, strict enquiry on the part of the police shows that he could not by any possibility have been the murderer, and after a few days' imprisonment, during which the newspapers have given most sensational accounts of his brutality and remorse, he is liberated.

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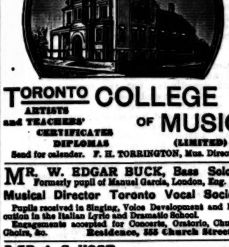

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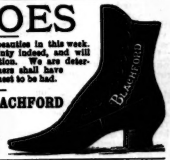

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Since Easter the reigning festivities have been of a very quiet order, being afternoon teas to which only the gentler sex have been invited.

Mrs. Bruce of Cotehill gave a small tea on Tuesday afternoon to a few of her friends, the guest of honor being Mrs. G. B. Smith of London. Those present were: Mesdames Martin, Thomson, Robertson, Ramsay, Scott, Burton, Strathy, Misses Harvey, Holcroft, Ramsay, Hendrie, K. Hendrie, Watson, Ridley, Gaviller, Gates, Baker, Leggat, Burton, Young and Tudor.

Mrs. Wylie of Almonte is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Logie of Markland street.

Miss Holcroft of Ingersoll is the guest of the Misses Ramsay of Dundrin.

Mrs. Park of Fessockmore gave a charming tea on Monday afternoon. Those present were: Mesdames Bristol, Walker, Mills, Reynolds, Malloch, Gibson, Bunburg, Misses Gunn, Bull, Chapman, Lottridge, Leggat, Hendrie, MacDonald, Bell, Gillespie, Harvey and Logie.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop returned on Saturday, having spent two delightful weeks in New York and Washington.

Miss Eva Lucas, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lucas, and Miss David of England, who has spent the winter with Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton, left on Monday evening for New York and sailed on Wednesday by the steamer Majestic for England. The former young lady will spend two years finishing her studies.

Miss Kate Hendrie of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. Hendrie at the Homestead.

Mrs. and the Misses Hendrie left on Tuesday for New York, where they will spend a week or two enjoying the gaiety of that city.

Mrs. F. H. Mills' tea on Saturday afternoon was largely attended by her many friends, and her pretty drawing-room presented an exceedingly gay appearance, the costumes of the ladies being very *chic*. Mrs. Mills looked well in a black gown with pink. She was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Tudor. Those present were: Mesdames Charlton, Husband, Lucas, Ramsay, Mackelcan, Ferrie, Gaviller, Wylie, Reynolds, Gunn, Young, Mills, Symonds, O'Reilly, Smith, Gibson, J. Mills, Bruce, Morris, Burton, Thomson, Bunbury, Chapman, Briggs, Walker, Grant, Tidswell, Baker, Strathy, Misses Harvey, Mills, Holcroft, Watson, Dunlop, Kerr, Roe, Ramsay, Bruce, Young, Baker, Leggat, Burns, O'Reilly, K. Mills, M. Mills, Turner, Browne, Finlay and Gunn.

Mr. Bankier of Calcutta, India, who has been visiting his brother, Mr. P. W. Bankier, returned home *via* England on Tuesday, after a very enjoyable visit in Hamilton.

Mrs. Frank Wanzer has returned from a short visit with friends in New York.

Mrs. Garrett and Miss Bella Garrett of Bellevue have returned from an extended tour through Switzerland and Scotland, having had a most enjoyable winter.

Miss Scatcherd of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. Gaviller of Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Counsell and Mr. A. Bruce have returned from a delightful trip through Washington and New York.

Mrs. E. Brown Smith of London left on Saturday for home, having spent Easter the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Brown.

Mrs. W. E. Ramsay gave a charming tea on Wednesday afternoon in her new home on Victoria avenue. Among her guests were: Mesdames Counsell, Worthington, Mackelcan, Husband, Hobson, Crawford, McLaren, Morris, Mills, E. Brown Smith, Scott, Misses Leggat, K. Hendrie, Gillard, Ramsay, Holcroft, Dunlop, Scatcherd, Gaviller, Macklem, Tudor, Dewar Walker, Chapman, McGiverin, Carpenter, Gartshore, Harvey, Watson.

Mrs. James Osborne, Miss Gillespie and Miss Grace Gillespie left last week on the Parisian for Scotland, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. E. R. Ricketts, formerly of Hamilton, now of Toronto, was in town over Sunday, the guest of his brother.

Mrs. R. S. Morris gave a very pretty luncheon last Wednesday in honor of Mrs. E. B. Smith. The table was prettily decorated with hoops of marguerites tied with ribbons. Those present were: Misses K. Hendrie, Leggat, Bruce, Walker, Watson and Mrs. K. Martin.

On Thursday, Mrs. Aldous was At Home from 5 to 7 and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. Those among her guests were: Mesdames Fair, Grieve, McArthur, Findlay, Gartshore, Mills, Mackelcan, Penwick, Chittenden, Littlehales, Martin, MacDonald, Turner, the Misses Logie, MacKay, Osborne, Gartshore, Findlay, Gillespie, Edgar, Fairgrieve, Kerr, MacDonald, Gunn, Cummings, Wilson.

Mrs. J. S. Hendrie gave a luncheon on Thursday. The table decorations were very artistic, being large silver bowls of pansies with massive ribbons. Those present were: the Misses K. Hendrie of Detroit, Bruce, Turner, Walker, Dunlop, Gartshore, Leggat.

The choir of St. Thomas' church held a delightful At Home at Newport's on Monday evening, speeches, songs, recitations and dance contributed by those present making the evening one of thorough enjoyment.

Mr. and Miss Domville have returned from their trip abroad, having enjoyed it immensely.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Carr have returned from their honeymoon and have taken up residence on Markland street.

Mrs. Alex. Murray has returned from New York, having spent three weeks in that city.

The engagement of Mr. Ralph Bruce, one of our most popular young barristers, is announced to a charming young lady in Toronto, Miss Small, who is a great favorite in Hamilton.

Mrs. Kiernan Martin gave a tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Saunderson of Guelph. Those present were: Misses Leggat, Bruce, Harvey, Young, Watson, Hamilton, Hendrie, Ridley and Baker.

Miss Forsyth of Toronto is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Western, Hughson street.

Miss Giddings is becoming a great favorite here and her classes are being rapidly filled up, so we may expect our belles to be even more graceful than before. SYLVIA.

BRANTFORD.

An interesting wedding, the parties to which are *tres connus* in our city, was celebrated on Wednesday, April 27, at 1.30 p.m., in Grace church, when Mr. James Francis Watt, of this well known firm of Workman & Watt, was married to Miss Annie Loveday Smith, daughter of Mr. James Smith, of the Brantford Wholesale Saddlery Warehouse. Rev. Rural Dean Mackenzie performed the solemn service. The church, which was beautifully decorated, was crowded with the friends of the contracting parties. The wedding was one of the season's events. At the appointed time Prof. Hayes rendered the wedding march, and the bride entered leaning on the arm of her father. She was attended by her sister, Miss Mae Smith, and Miss Belle Watt, sister of the groom. Mr. Robert A. Watt acted as best man. The bride looked exceedingly handsome in a traveling dress, consisting of a harmonious combination of fawn and brown, with hat to match. In her hand she carried a beautiful bunch of white roses. Both bridesmaids were similarly attired in street dresses of blue-gray cloth, and each carried a magnificent bouquet. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith, Miss Grace Smith, Mr. Jas. Smith, jr., Master Frank Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watt, sr., Sheriff and Miss Watt, Mrs. J. G. Cockshutt and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Snider, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harris, the Misses Allan of Toronto, Miss Mathieson of Belleville, Miss Bertha Smith of London, the Misses Smyth, Miss Slater, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Hossie, Miss Soence, Miss Harold, Miss Howell and the Misses Salder. The duties of ushers were ably performed by Messrs. J. A. Wallace and J. T. Hewitt. At the close of the ceremony the company repaired to the residence of the bride's parents on Nelson street, where a grand reception was held. The parlors were elaborately decorated with palms, ferns, lilies, etc. The doors were hung with garlands of smilax caught together in the center with immense true-lover's knots of white hyacinths. The halls were banked with lilies and white azaleas. A more elegant collection of bridal presents was never received. The groom's present to the bride was a handsome and costly diamond bracelet, and to the bridesmaids gold enameled bracelets. Mr. and Mrs. Watt left on the M. C. R. train for a honeymoon trip to Boston, New York and other eastern cities. They carry with them the best wishes of hosts of friends.

Miss Lou Grant left for Toronto this week to attend the University examinations.

Mr. Grant and Mr. Mackay of Ingersoll spent a few days in the city this week.

Mrs. J. R. Osborne has left for a two months' visit to Toronto.

Mr. Davidson and Mr. McConnell of St. Thomas spent Sunday in the city. SAILOR.

CAMPBELLFORD.

The social assembly and ball, the event of the season here, took place on Friday night, May 6th, in the music hall. The following were the patronesses: Mesdames Campbell, Mallory, Owen, Byam, Bog, G. Waters, Burke, Colville, J. Waters, Archer, Porte, Kennedy. Mr. J. A. Stewart very efficiently discharged the duties of honorary-secretary. The stewards were Messrs. P. M. Anderson, J. S. Turner, F. Smith, D. J. Lynch, A. E. Jewett, J. C. Fowlds, J. E. W. Burke, D. H. Douglas, A. Colville, F. W. Wood, G. Hoskins, G. M. Ferris. The ball room was tastefully decorated with bunting and flags, and a profusion of beautiful plants graced the windows. The stage was fitted up as a parlor for the convenience of the chaperones and others not engaged in dancing. From a raised dais at the rear of the hall, the famous Marcicano orchestra discoursed excellent music. The supper tables were laden with choice viands to which ample justice was done. About 175 people were present. The arrangements were perfect and much credit is due those who assumed the management of the assembly. Among those present were noticed: From Trenton, Misses Day, Little, Mrs. Van Norman, Messrs. Cooley, Campbell, Spalsbury, Connolly; from Brighton, Misses Webb, Ford, McKechnie, Lockhart, Miller, Squier, Mr. and Mrs. West, Messrs. Kemp, Proctor, McKechnie, Dean, Porte, Cook, Rowland, Webb, Nesbitt, Dulmage; from Belleville, Misses Price, Hogg, Stanton, Lingham, Messrs. Mikel, Stanton; from Deseronto, Dr. Malley, Dr. Dulmage; from Lindsay, Miss Jewett; from Hastings, Misses Fowlds, Cooper, Messrs. Fowlds, Dr. Barry; from Stirling, Misses McDougal, Gilbert, Parker, Messrs. Milne, Boldrick, Alexander, Judd; from Warkworth, Misses Douglas, Carlaw, Gallagher, Kennedy, Harstone, Mr. Carlaw, Dr. Cleminson; from Madoc, Mr. Brough; from Campbellford, Mesdames Campbell, Mallory, Byam, Owen, Ferris, Linton, Bradd, Bog, G. Waters, W. W. Cummings, D. Waters, Kerr, Misses Campbell, Hawley, Ferris, Porte, Kent, E. Smith, Kelly, Casey, McKenna, Callaghan, Neill, Bogart, O'Sullivan, O'Dell, Mallory, Linton, Cock, Urquhart, Honnycastle, Messrs. Lynch, Anderson, Douglas, Jewett, Burke, Colville, F. Smith, Turner, Horkins, Wood, Fowlds, Stewart, W. Smith, Linton, Bog, Galvin, Loucks, Ferris, J. Bence, Dr. Mallory, Dr. Bradd, Heaney, Gillespie, Hensley, G. Waters, W. W. Cumming, J. Givan, Cock, Payne, Drennan, Frederick, Wynn, Bowen, Sage, Waters, Kerr, Neill, C. Smith, Cassan.

GODERICH.

One of the most fashionable weddings in the town of Goderich took place at St. Peter's church on Monday of last week, when Mr. Geo. A. Eldd of Omaha, Neb., son of Mr. Thomas Kidd, Seaforth, was united in marriage to Miss M. E. McGregor, daughter of Capt. McGregor of Angelsea street. The bride looked very pretty, and was handsomely attired in ashes-of-roses broadcloth, with hat to match, and wore a gold pendant with pearls and diamonds, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid was Miss Angela McIntosh of Detroit, who wore a costume of gray Bedford cord, and looked charming. The bride carried white, and the maid *la France* roses. Dr. Mackay of Seaforth was groomsman. Father Boubat, assisted by Father West, performed the ceremony. Miss Cook presided at the organ, and Miss Downie of Seaforth sang an *ave Marie* in her usual sweet and accomplished manner. Miss Mary McCormac also rendered a very pretty solo, after which the newly wedded pair drove to the residence of the bride's father, where a reception was held, at which the *elite* of Goderich attended. The numerous beautiful and costly presents showed the high esteem in which the bride was held by her many friends, who while congratulating Mr. Kidd could not but regret that Goderich is losing one of her fairest daughters. Some of the presents await the arrival of the happy couple in Omaha, which they will reach after an extended tour in the States. They left on the 2.05 train for Detroit amidst the best wishes of their friends.

Mrs. George Doe and Miss Probasco have taken rooms at the Park House for the summer.

Miss Edith Horton has returned from a two years' visit to her sister, Mrs. Gordon Gamble, at New Westminster, B.C.

Dr. and Mrs. Holmes and Miss Horton left last week for a trip to British Columbia and the coast.

We regret to hear of the death of Mrs. J. T. Nash, who died very suddenly of cerebral apoplexy, on Sunday evening. She leaves a husband and twelve children to mourn her loss.

Mrs. and Miss Badcoffe have returned from a year's sojourn in England.

Mrs. Lucas Turner and family of St. Louis arrived here last week. They will spend the summer and early autumn here.

Mrs. Frank Jordan entertained the Euchre Club on Thursday evening, April 28. This was the first meeting of the club since the Lenten season and all spent a pleasant evening.

Rev. W. A. Young, rector of St. George's Church, has resigned his position here and will leave about the first of August for his new charges at Simcoe.

Mrs. Hawley of Detroit will spend the summer here as usual.

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Births.

HULSE—April 29, Mrs. Thomas Hulse—a son.
MILLS—May 1, Mrs. W. J. Mills—a son.
RATCLIFFE—May 1, Mrs. W. Ratcliffe—a son.
MITCHELL—May 1, Mrs. W. H. Mitchell—a son.
CASSELS—May 3, Mrs. Allan Cassels—a daughter.
BUCHANAN—May 3, Mrs. Douglas Buchanan—a son.
GREEN—May 3, Mrs. Thomas Green—a son.
GALBRAITH—May 3, Mrs. D. J. Galbraith—a daughter.
WIGMORE—May 4, Mrs. Alfred S. Wigmore—a daughter.
MAGANN—May 4, Mrs. G. A. Magann—a son.
CLEGHORN—April 30, Mrs. R. Cleghorn—a daughter.
PERRY—May 2, Mrs. J. H. Perry—a son.
DALY—May 1, Mrs. D. M. Daly—a son.
SIMPSON—May 2, Mrs. David Simpson—a daughter.
HELLMUTH—April 30, Mrs. I. Hellmuth—a daughter.
NEWELL—May 2, Mrs. J. R. Newell—a son.
SMITH—May 1, Mrs. Charles Smith—a daughter.

Marriages.

REID—BARKERVILLE—At Fredericton, on Wednesday May 11, Belle, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Barkerville, to Mr. D. H. Reid of Hamilton's Island.
JERMYN—GOODENOW—May 11, at Homewood, Georgetown, R. B. Jermyn of Acton, to Laura C. Goodenow.

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FRY—STEVENSON—May 2, Henry Fry to Laura Stevenson.
HYNES—SUTHERLAND—May, Mrs. J. Hynes to Mary Sutherland.
MACPHERSON—COWAN—May 4, Robert Urquhart Macpherson to Margaret Dickson Cowan.
MACRAE—WADE—May 4, George Ernest Macrae to Katharine Ada Wade.
BECKER—SUTHERLAND—May 3, H. Becker to Mary Sutherland.
TUCKER—PUDIFIN—May 5, Frederick Tucker to Elizabeth Pudifin.
MILNE—CHERBY—May 4, Harcward D. Milne to Jennie Cherby.
WILSON—HUMPHREY—May 4, David H. Wilson to Sarah Maud Humphrey.
JONES—BAXTER—May 5, John Challis Jones to Theodora Baxter.
MILLS—SAGE—May 4, Nathaniel Mills to Anabel Sage.
OSLER—GROSS—May 7, William Osler to Grace Gross.

Deaths.

ROBINSON—May 10, Marianne Robinson.
MURRAY—May 10, Catherine Murray, aged 85.
WILLING—May 9, Jessie G. Willing, aged 65.
DANE—April 27, Allan M. Dane.
HOWELL—May 9, William J. Howell, aged 18.
MCKENDRICK—May 7, David McKendrick, aged 82.
ALLEN—May 4, Charles H. Allen, aged 52.
PEASLEY—May 10, Mary Peasley, aged 80.
NICHOLSON—May 2, William Nicholson, aged 46.
WILSON—May 3, Mrs. Thos. Wilson, aged 73.
MACNAB—May 5, Elizabeth MacNab, aged 52.
BAIRD—May 5, J. Baird, M.D.
DIEHL—May 7, Fred W. Diehl, aged 18.
BARLOW—May 8, Helen Barlow.
CROSBIE—May 6, Ross Crosbie, aged 23.
SANDERSON—May 2, Jane Sanderson.
MEARNS—May —, David Mearns, aged 78.
SHAW—May 10, Joseph J. Shaw, aged 45.
HOLTON—May 10, Charlotte Holton, aged 32.
McINNIS—May 10, Margaret McInnis, aged 74.
AYLESTT—May 8, John Aylestt, aged 79.
MALONEY—May 8, James Maloney, aged 75.

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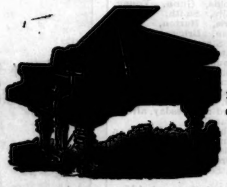

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